

PUNCH JANUARY 11 1961

Vol. CCXL

GENERAL INFORMATION

4th Street

9d

Punch

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

FEB 7 1961

HOME READING



he trumps all the best aces up, down and sideways. There's a large pack of Player's in his ermine, which brings him into line with all the best smokers at all the best games.

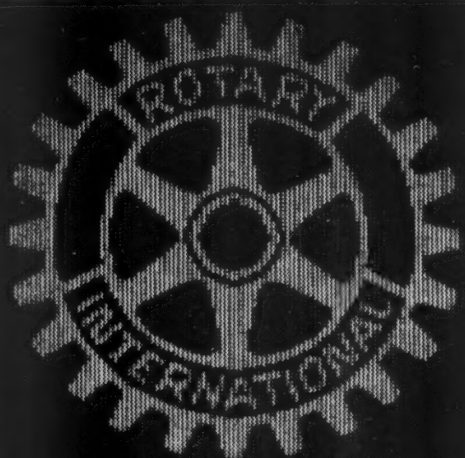
Above is the Player's King of Hearts. In 1485 he was a Wild Hairy Man brandishing a cudgel. Since then he's been carrying a sword, but our King is more civilised. He has laid down his arms and is refreshing himself with a Player's cigarette, and that's why



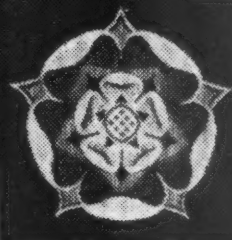
Player's and cards go together. People who like cards like Player's. People who don't like cards like Player's. Cards come in packs of 52. Player's come in packs of cigarettes. You can't smoke cards, but you can smoke Player's. If you take cards seriously, you must smoke

Player's. If you play for fun, it's a lot more fun with a packet of Player's on the table. And if you don't play cards at all, just deal yourself a smooth Player's cigarette off the top of the pack. You get all of the pleasure and beggar your neighbour.

People love Player's



Your own
insignia ...



actually
woven into the fabric



Replin is made on the same principle as the original Gobelin tapestries. Crests, insignia or individual designs can be woven to set off any chosen decor. These designs are actually incorporated in the fabric, and the smooth, tight, all-worsted surface is fire resistant and easy to clean.

Replin is the ideal furnishing fabric—widely in use throughout the world in historic and public buildings, ships, railways, hotels, etc. Independent tests show that it will wear longer than almost any other fabric, natural or synthetic.

Replin is available in 34 plain colours and 10 stripes all in cut lengths from stock and each of the 88 pattern designs can be supplied within 7/14 days, also in cut lengths. Ask for illustrated leaflet.



Replin
Regd.
THE SUPREME FURNISHING FABRIC

BRITISH REPLIN LTD., 2 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
Tel. GRO 6892. Mill: Ayr, Scotland. Tel. 67271/2

HOIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

FEB 7 1961

HOME READING



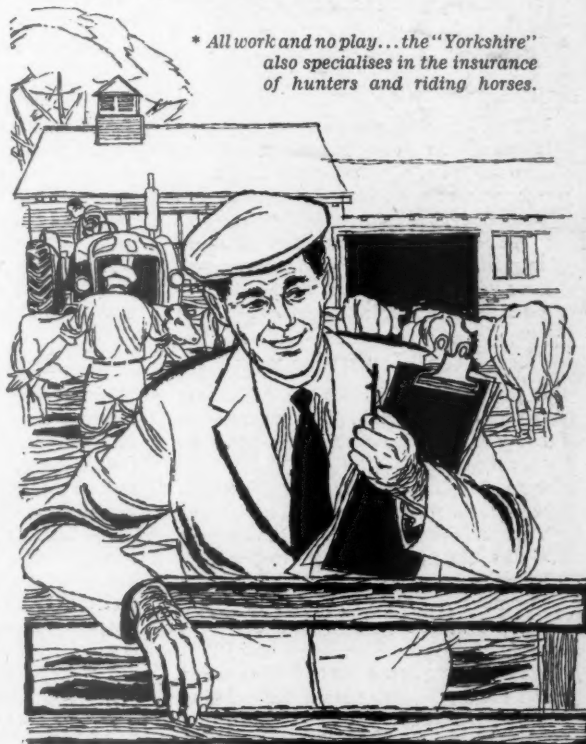
Devonshire
for Cream

but YORKSHIRE for INSURANCE

Devonshire is a county justly famous for its cattle and dairy produce. Splendid beasts ... excellent farms! Today's modern farming methods and machinery produce finer herds and better crops and are a worthwhile investment for any farmer. So too is Yorkshire Insurance—tailored to meet the modern farmer's needs.

All risks of livestock mortality can be covered as well as the consequential loss of Foot and Mouth disease. And farm buildings, machinery and equipment, accidents to farm workers—even your milk cheque can be included. In one policy with one annual premium if you wish.

Ask the advice of our local branch manager—he is there to help you.



* All work and no play...the "Yorkshire" also specialises in the insurance of hunters and riding horses.

THE YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

Chief Offices: St. Helen's Square, YORK
and Becket House, 36-37 Old Jewry, LONDON, E.C.2.
Branches and Agencies throughout the world.

Behind the up-to-date "Yorkshire Insurance" policies stands nearly 150 years of experience and many thousands of satisfied policy-holders throughout the world.

STEEL- A RECORD YEAR

Biggest-ever output flows from Britain's busy furnaces

BRITAIN'S steel output last year was an all-time record: over 24 million ingot tons.

This huge tonnage of steel came from an industry which has bigger, better and more modern plant as a result of the £900 million which it has spent on three great development schemes.

Last year alone the steel industry spent £130 million on expansion and modernisation. That was *one-sixth* of all the money that went into the expansion of manufacturing industry in Britain.

The steel industry has already planned to spend another £450 million in the next four years and will then be able to produce nearly one-third more steel.

Expansion under way

- In Scotland Colvilles are building a great new strip mill. This promises to bring more work and bigger pay packets over the Border.

- In Monmouthshire, near Newport, there is the mammoth project of Richard Thomas & Baldwins. This is the Spencer Works which, when completed, will be Europe's most modern steelworks. An enormous green-field site has been laid out and work is going ahead at a great pace.

- Three more new mills to roll improved and more efficient sections for building and constructional work will come into operation shortly at Colvilles, South Durham and the United Steel Companies.

New plans announced in 1960

- At Rotherham the Park Gate Iron and Steel Co. is to build a completely new steelworks costing well over £55 million.

- The English Steel Corporation at Tinsley Park will boost their output of alloy and special steels at a cost of £26 million.

- The United Steel Companies' plans at Appleby-Frodingham and Samuel Fox will increase their steelmaking capacity for mild, carbon and alloy and stainless steel at a cost of £32½ million.

- Dorman Long (Steel) Ltd. are to increase their steelmaking capacity and widen their range of steel products at a cost of £36 million.

Output soars all round

All the different sections of the steel industry have shared in the upsurge in output. Heavy sections and bars were 26% above the previous year. Light sections and bars were close behind, with a 24% increase, with plate running them close with a 23% increase. Alloy steel was 22% up, sheet and tinplate 14% up, and tubes 12% up.

Prospects for '61?

The industry, this year, will be able to improve even on the 1960 record figure. Productive capacity in 1960 was almost 26 million tons. This year it will be 27 million tons. All the time, the steel industry is expanding to meet the extra needs of the future. This expansion is geared to a steadily rising curve - Britain's swelling industrial activity. It is in the firm belief that this curve *will* go on rising that the big plans for steel are being pushed ahead fast.

Exports a record too

Besides the enormous amount of steel which Britain exported last year in the form of manufactured goods, the steel industry's own direct exports of steel were booming.

Over 4 million ingot tons, valued at some £230 million, went into direct exports of steel in 1960 - a post-war record.

Latest available figures show that well over one-third of this went to Commonwealth countries: exports to the Com-

monwealth were 20% up on 1959 in tonnage. Tonnage of exports to Western Europe showed a similar upsurge. Exports to the Soviet Bloc including China, though small by comparison with total exports, also showed an increase.

New bridges hang on steel

The new road bridge over the Firth of Forth is being anchored into the solid rock with specially thick steel cables. They are 1½ in. in diameter and have a breaking load of more than 350 tons. Over a thousand of these cables, enclosed in groups of four in 4½ in. diameter steel tubes, are embedded 240 feet into the rock. Other similar cables are being used to support the 110 ft. high towers until the main steel suspension cables are in position.

Other new bridges using steel suspension cables are planned over the Wye and Severn. Altogether some 70,000 tons of steel will go into the three bridges.

Two new steels for supersonic flight

What will the supersonic airliner of the future be made from? Opinions are divided, but the Bristol T.188 research plane, which has been built to explore the problem of flight at speeds of the order of 1,800 m.p.h., is made from heat-resistant stainless steel to withstand the high temperatures caused by the friction of the air at such speeds.

The steel scientists of Sheffield have produced two new types of steel from the experience of the Bristol T.188. They differ from previous heat-resisting alloy steels in the ease with which they can be made in large thin sheets, and "worked" into the complicated shapes required.

HOW STEEL HELPS TO FILL YOUR SHOPPING BASKET



Look behind the homely things we buy every day—and an unexpected picture emerges

THERE ARE 300,000 people in this country concerned with making steel. There are another 2½ million people engaged in turning that steel into various useful things from cars to cookers. But what about the other 49 million of us? We're all concerned with steel too, because we are using steel all the time—in all sorts of unsuspected ways.

When you go into your grocer's shop, for instance, you may notice the bacon slicer and the cash register: they're made largely of steel. You may notice the canned goods on the shelves: canned in steel. But *everything* you buy, whether it's a packet of cigarettes, a loaf of bread, or frozen food, will have depended on steel at dozens of points in its manufacture and transport, before it arrives in your shopping basket.

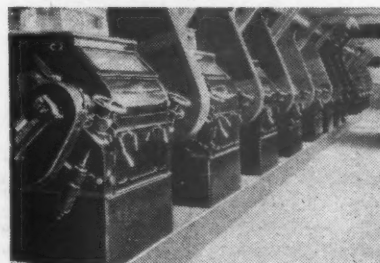
Here we look at the background of some of your purchases, and show how they all depend on steel.



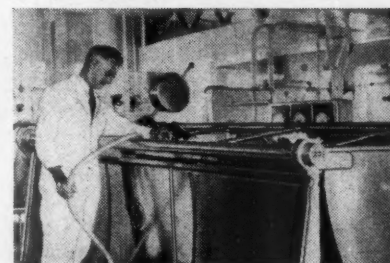
Look into field or farmyard. You'll see tractors, ploughs, harvesters—a multiplicity of farm machinery, all made largely of steel.



Steel went into the making of this deep-freeze cabinet, and steel machinery helped to freeze, and pack, the food inside it.



In the flour mill, steel conveyors move the grain, steel gears drive the rollers that grind it to flour.



In the margarine factory, stainless steel equipment is used because it is hygienic and easily cleaned.

"Marmaduke is such a sensitive child"

twittered the Adoring Mum. "I could not possibly put him into a school that was not thoroughly insulated—with Fibreglass Crown, of course. As I was saying to my hubby only yesterday, there's nothing to compare with Crown for building insulation; and it's so wonderfully light and resilient and flexible and they say its tear strength has to be seen to be believed. I said to him, 'Percy' I said, 'if that school isn't insulated with Fibreglass Crown"

Quite so, quite so, mused the Head. In the unlikely event of her pausing for breath, I may be able to insert a quick 'certainly'.



FIBREGLASS

FIBREGLASS LTD., ST HELENS, LANCs. TEL: ST HELENS 4022



Steel Fabrication
and erection problems
are best referred to:—

REDHEUGH IRON & STEEL CO. LTD.

TEAMS GATESHEAD

Telephone: DUNSTON 604245 (5 lines) Grams: REDHEUGH, NEWCASTLE.

Telex: NEWCASTLE 53259

London Office: 49 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON S.W.1.
Tel: HYDe Park 4993, 9893. Grams: REDHEUGH PICCY LONDON. Telex: LONDON 24214.

Associated Companies: REDHEUGH WILLEY LTD., EXETER

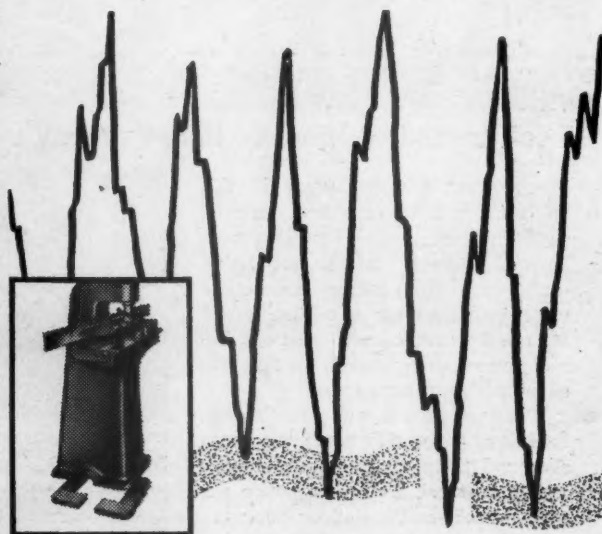
Telephone: EXETER 74064. Grams: REDWIL EXETER

REDHEUGH DE-PORAY BOILERS LTD., 49 ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON S.W.1.

Telephone: GROsvenor 6580. Grams: REDDEP PICCY LONDON. Telex: LONDON 24214

REDHEUGH HYDRA LTD. HYDRA WKS., GRESHAM RD., STAINES, MIDDLESEX

Telephone: STAINES 54151/4. Grams: REDHY, STAINES



THE CROID COOPER METHOD OF MACHINE FIXING DAMPS VIBRATION

Imagine the reduction in nervous tension amongst your employees when you reduce vertical vibration by 80%. Imagine the reduction in machine wear, too. Yet an 80% reduction is perfectly feasible for many types of machinery with the Croid-Cooper method of installation, where the machine is simply stuck down on a felt base with a holding power of 80 lbs. to the square inch. May we send you details?

CROID 65 MACHINE FIXING GLUE COOPERS FELT

COOPER & COMPANY (Birmingham) LIMITED

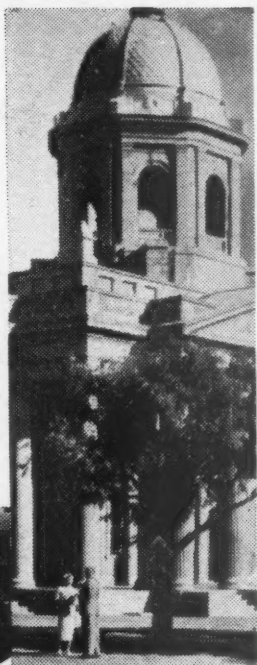
Head Office and Works: BRYNMAWR, BRECONSHIRE. TELEPHONE: 312
Branch Office and Works: SEELEY'S ROAD, BIRMINGHAM 11. TELEPHONE: VIC 5417

Touring with leisurely pleasure

Robert Louis Stevenson said "it is more blessed to journey than to arrive". A coach tour in South Africa makes a pleasure of both.

By day modern coaches carry you through the ever-changing, spell-binding scenery. At night you are welcomed at selected hotels where comfortable accommodation, good food and good company provide rest and relaxation. This is the way to see the real South Africa.

Write or call for details of road tours in South Africa and free and friendly advice about holidays there.



SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS TRAVEL BUREAU

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

TIMELINESS



get there
between meals

These epics in stone, symbolic of man's driving quest for spiritual truths, are living monuments to a deeply reflective way of life, creating an image profound and permanent . . . This is India—Ten Thousand Images.

BREAKFAST LONDON



DINNER BOMBAY

INDIA

ten thousand images

The big jets fly you there in just 12 hours. A streamlined network of road, rail and air communications, and luxurious hotels with their traditions of personal attention, bring India's ten thousand images within easy reach.

Details from all TOP Travel Agents or—
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE: 26, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

GO



JET

**By Rolls Royce Powered
Super DC8
to New York and Rome
Caravelle
daily to Milan and Rome**

FLY

ALITALIA

ITALIAN AIRLINES



199 Regent Street, London, W.1. REGent 4040
141 Royal Exchange, Manchester 2. Deansgate 2202
62 Buchanan Street, Glasgow C.1. City 3804

How much
rosier 
everything
 is with
a pink Gin!



Just gin and Angostura—
and the world
takes on a different tinge.



ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS

It's the pink that makes the drink

VERSATILE...

ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED is the tweed of many talents. It wears like a charm, looks very expensive, and is always acceptable in company. Women who know, have at least one coat or suit in their wardrobes made from this traditionally famous tweed.

The Orb Mark is your safeguard that the tweed has been *independently* inspected according to regulations approved by the Board of Trade, and that it is *wholly produced in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides*.

**So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy—**

HARRIS TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.

Watch your Savings GROW

WITH GUARANTEED SECURITY—WITHOUT WORRY

PINNOCK FINANCE

COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED

OFFER UP TO

8%

PER ANNUM INTEREST

PLUS 1% ON DEPOSITS OF £500 OR MORE

Put your savings to work for you. Invest them with PINNOCK FINANCE and reap the benefit of these generous Interest Rates. Send to-day for the fully descriptive Brochure which tells you all about PINNOCK and explains how easy it is to open a Deposit Account.

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY
IF RE-INVESTED, £100 MORE THAN
DOUBLES ITSELF IN 10 YEARS
NO FEES, DUTY OR COMMISSION
EASY WITHDRAWALS
INITIAL DEPOSITS FROM £25

*Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt.B.)
Ltd. is a member of the world-
wide Pinnock Group. Est.
1891. Assets over £1,000,000.*

To: The Secretary
Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
127 Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Please send me fully Descriptive Booklet on
how to open a Deposit Account.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.16

Punch, January 11 1961

WILDSMITH

& CO

ESTABLISHED 1847

6 DUKE STREET
ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W.1

TELEPHONE:
WHITEHALL
1623



READY TO WEAR
£10. 10. 0

BROCHURE AND SELF-
MEASUREMENT FORM ON REQUEST

FRINTON LODGE

Your ★★★★★ Star Holiday Hotel

Facing South overlooking golden sands of Britain's most exclusive resort—Frinton, Essex. Four star A.A. and R.A.C. appointed. Every comfort and personal attention. Delicious food, luxury bedrooms, private bathrooms. Fully licensed. Saturday Dinner Dances.

Brochure on request from resident proprietor: Major M. McNelly.



Supataps

**TODAY—turn your taps
the modern way**

* 30-second washer change
without turning off the
water

* Easy finger touch control

* Clean even flow, due to
the built in anti-splash

Made by:

The Bournier Organisation
Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex
Telephone: Crawley 26166

PAUSE ON VILLAGE GREENS



WITH THE NEW BEDFORD DORMOBILE

Romany CARAVAN

Drive where the fancy takes you. You'll have beds for 4, new 'Dormatic' seating for touring as 6, table, sink, cooker, panoramic roof windows, fluorescent lighting—and other features for your better-being.

Price £815. 2-Berth model also available.

Illustrated is the Special Equipment 'Romany'. Price £875.



Write for illustrated catalogue and the name of your nearest Dealers, to the designers and builders

Dept. P.,

UTILECON WORKS, FOLKESTONE

Telephone: Folkestone 51844 - Established 1773

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF DUAL-PURPOSE BODYWORK



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

For the discriminating palate . . .

If you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina".

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries.



The finest of Sherries

Domecq's

LA INA

Fino Exquisite Dry

Obtainable through your usual channels of supply.

Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY' and delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM' for the sweeter palates

MCN 3461



Large and comprehensive stocks of steel, automation in our fabricating plant and of course, general know-how enable us to speed the job

Banister, Walton

build in steel

BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD.

STRUCTURAL STEEL ENGINEERS & STOCKHOLDERS

MANCHESTER 17.

BIRMINGHAM 18.

LONDON S.E.11.

TRAFFORD PARK

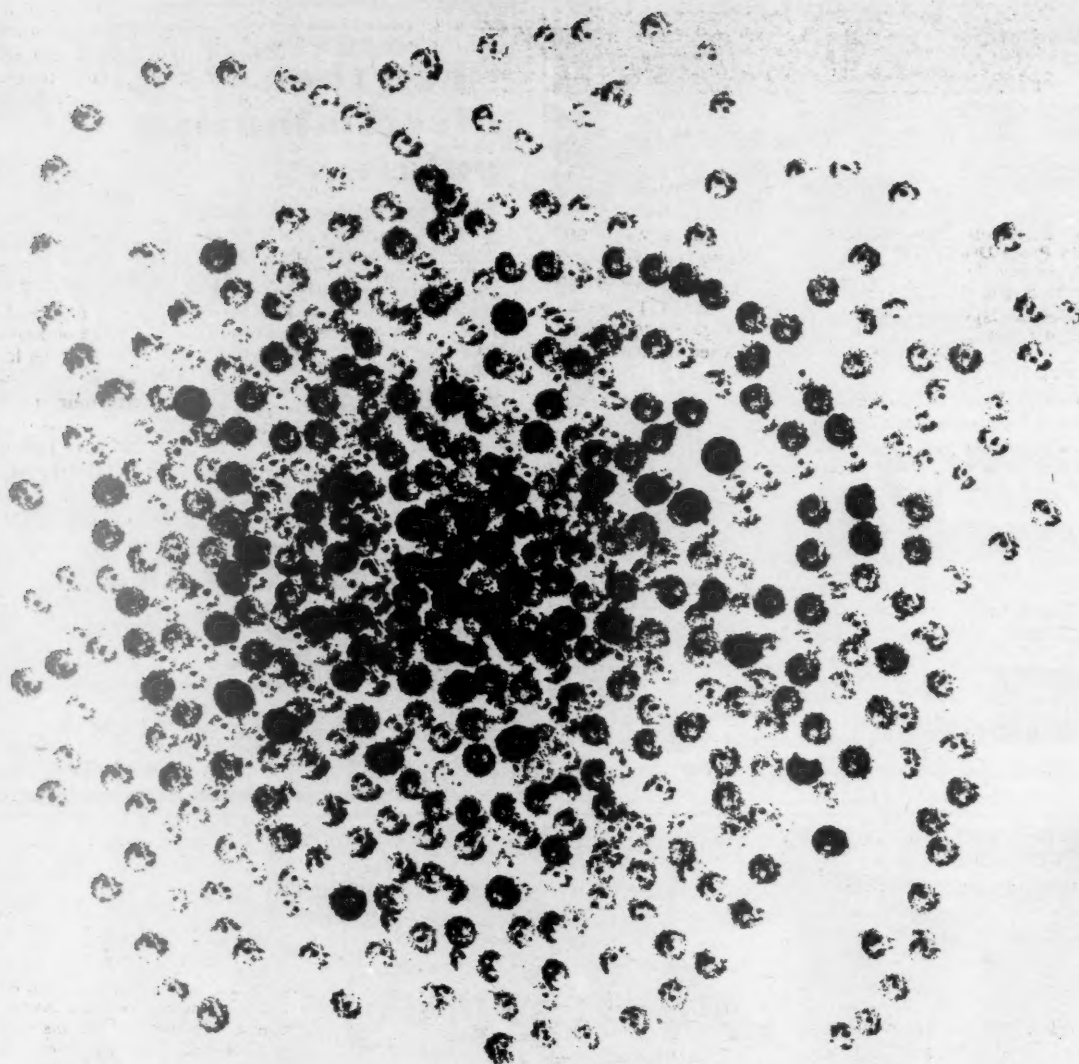
61/63 WESTERN ROAD

SOUTH BANK HOUSE

TEL: TRAFFORD PARK 2361

TEL: NORTHERN 4518

TEL: RELIANCE 6786



There's a new force at work in Europe today. It brings people and ideas together. And when you bring the right people and the right ideas together, you set in motion currents of activity that create better business, a healthier economy, a wider prosperity.

This force is The New York Times International Edition, published daily in Paris by electronic typesetting at the same time the New York edition is published, air-delivered within hours to leading cities throughout Europe.

In the few months it has been publishing in Paris, The New York Times International Edition has put together a vital and a growing market. It comprises people with eager minds, curious to know what's new, both in the news and in your advertising.

If you have goods to sell to people interested in better things, or ideas to move into receptive and influential minds, this medium bears investigation. We will be more than happy to discuss your problem with you. Just get in touch with Joshua B. Powers Ltd., 27 Cockspur Street, London S.W.1. The telephone number is Whitehall 6322-5.

PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6278
January 11 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



Articles

- 88 PHILIP OAKES
Pop People's Drink
- 91 KEITH KYLE
The House of Kennedy
- 94 E. S. TURNER
Indoor Snow
- 97 GWYN THOMAS
Blue Print
- 102 H. F. ELLIS
Mediatrics: Attitude to Youth
- 105 P. G. WODEHOUSE
Our Man in America
- 107 PATRICK SKENE CATLING
The Gentle Commandos
- 108 CATHERINE DRINKWATER
Entente Each Way
- 110 J. B. BOOTHROYD
Why Dogs Bite Gardeners

Verse

- 90 EVOE
Those New Flats
- 106 J. B. BOOTHROYD
Gosh! Seen This?

Features

- 100 SOME AWARDS FOR 1961
Norman Mansbridge
- 112 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 112 IN THE COUNTRY
John Gaselee
- 120 FOR WOMEN
- 122 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 114 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 114 RADIO (Peter Dickinson)
- 116 JAZZ (Patrick Skene Catling)
- 117 BOOKING OFFICE
B. A. Young: Soldiers Two

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 122.

© Bradbury Agnew & Company, Limited—1961

The London Charivari

NEWS-READERS must be groaning and holding their heads over the tiresome return of all those Vietnamese place-names, not to mention the challenge in trying to pronounce Laos anything but Louse. If only it still rhymed with Chaos, as it used to in pre-Newf'nd'l'nd days . . . On the other hand, let's hope it doesn't.

Working It Off

THE news that hospital patients have been employed, to their advantage, in breaking up old telephones makes me wonder whether we ought not to find a better way of destroying "one-armed bandits" than by appointing policemen to smash them with sledge-hammers; for, make no mistake, there are going to be a good many forfeitures this year. Could not the offending machines be sent to



detention centres where young toughs would be encouraged to pitch into them, instead of into greenhouses or post-mistresses? An extension of this idea would be to provide old railway carriages for slashing, specially planted saplings for pulling up and miles of white-washed walls for the expression of secret yearnings.

Got Any Grappling-Irons?

THE danger about the International Boat Show isn't in the temptations of the 760 boats on show, but in what a handout describes as "marine equipment of every kind." As with motoring and photography, it's the accessories that pile up the cheque-book stubs. A glance at the catalogue of exhibits suggests that a man with a mere boat



hasn't got a thing. He needs inflatable dinghies, 4-wheel trailers, retractable stabilizers, marine horns, waterproof watches, rotproof yachting shoes, dinghy roof-racks, canned beers, echo-sounders, automatic anchor lights, a subscription to the Anglers' Co-Operative Association and even "Canada, land of lovely lakes and rushing rivers" (Stand No. UH13) before he's in any state even to cast off.

Of More than Academic Interest

IF education for marriage becomes general in schools, as advocated by Professor W. R. Niblett, I wonder what kind of homework will be imposed. Some teenagers, the Professor mentioned, get this tuition in America; perhaps California offers co-respondence colleges. Logically the subject should also be read at universities, where field survey is no doubt already at a fairly



"It's the first time it's happened in the paper's history."

advanced level, but graduates would have to be called something other than Bachelors of Marriage.

Award a Gold Medal

THE great purchasing public apparently suffers from a yearning for reassurance—and I'm sure psychologists have a word for it. On all sides we are guided by Seals of Approval, Certificates of Merit, British Standard Marks, Design Centre Awards, and so on. Saturation point has just about been reached, though. I was looking at some lamp-shades in one of the O.K. furniture stores and discovered a label on one proclaiming "This is a House and Garden Colour: BLACK."

Any Resemblance, etc. . . .

WOLVERHAMPTON College of Art has produced for this year an Almanack devoted almost exclusively to the story of *Punch*. It is a truly magnificent sampler of the designer's, typographer's and printer's arts and all responsible (including manufacturers of papers, inks and blocks) earn congratulations. It is good news for Fleet Street that Britain's schools and colleges of art are winning the resources needed for typographical research, experiment and instruction.

Up to Which Minute?

THE new official translation of the Bible will not please those who feel that the Authorised Version has a numinous force that is diminished when

its language is altered; but will it please those at whom it is aimed, who are supposed to want something "frankly contemporary in vocabulary, idiom, style and rhythm?" It seems incredible that there can be any reader whose ideal of daring modernity should be phrases like "it is of this we tell," "bear our testimony," "his word has no place in us" or "my purpose is that you should not commit sin."

All Her Wordly Goods

THE emancipation of women has reached its logical culmination. Husbands can now sue their wives for maintenance. From January 1, the girl who says "I will" is letting herself in for financial burdens pretty nearly as onerous as those men have been shouldering for the past few thousand years. I hope men will insist on being kept in the style to which they are accustomed and not put up with any kind of second-class maintenance.

Generalissimo May Know Best

ACCORDING to the leading article in the current issue of *The United Nations Association of the Republic of China News Letter*, which has just arrived by slow boat from Formosa, "The American and the Chinese people have common aspirations. The Americans have a republican form of government based on the will of the people.

We in the Republic of China have also adopted a representative government." What it represents, of course, is the will of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, whenever that represents the will of the United States ambassador in Taipei, who represents the Americans' republican form of government based on the will of the people—except when Madame Chiang is in town.

Economic Cycle

BRITISH car-dealers must have read with envy of the auction in the Argentine, where six hundred cars were sold to local tycoons at an average of £6,000 apiece. The Argentinians have solved a lot of the problems of modern civilization: as practically no one can afford a car at this price, there will be few traffic jams; most Argentinian roads are so appalling that the models will shake to bits in a year or so; and as the profits from the auction went to finance a government exhibition, they will certainly find their way back into the pockets of local tycoons, who will be ready to start the whole thing over again next year.

Posing as Prof.

NEARLY every paper seems nowadays to publish Problems of some sort, and it is odd how often they are set in improbable academic homes. "I have four sons," says the *Professor*, "Andrew, Jenkins, Wilhelm and Chubby, and they each have a corgi, Floss, Pennyfeather, Aristotle and Skelp, though not in that order." What Chairs do these professors hold, these learned teases? Mathematics? Surely not. Modern mathematicians have all their work done for them by valves and spend their lives arguing about large general topics like the Origin of Matter. I do not believe they are on the pay-rolls of Universities at all. They just call themselves Professors. Really they are phrenologists and live on piers.

Status Symbols

WHEN may a young man be said to have arrived? Adam Faith got a double accolade last week, recognition in two fields outside his art: (i) Having a signed column in the biggest circulation Sunday paper; (ii) Having his name used as a pun in a quality Sunday paper's erudite crossword puzzle.

—MR. PUNCH



"Can't I ever utter a single complaint about the office without your saying I ought to have Dag Hammarskjöld's job?"

E

POP PEOPLE'S DRINK

Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the fourth of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with drink



By PHILIP OAKES

WE'LL decant the statistics later. But the news is this: Pop People are pretty thirsty. They drink stout, stingo, gin, sherry, and whisky; in that order. They like lager and lime, bitter lemon, and Babycham served in a champagne glass. In Glasgow they drink a potion called Treble Up, which is half a bitter, a tot of red wine, and a small scotch, mixed in the mouth and swallowed in one gulp. And in Surrey, a Pop naval pensioner devised his own cocktail comprising a quadruple gin and a double port, served in a half-pint pot. It cost him 11s. 4d. a time, and customers staggered their own drinking to watch him get it down.

It never caught on though. Pop people are steady drinkers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer loves them, and so do the brewers. In 1959, beer sales rose to around £551 million, with the Chancellor scooping off a substantial froth of £260 million. Pop People took it remarkably well. As far as they are concerned, Beer is Best. But they are prepared to make allowances for a man who spikes his milk with rum while making a Budget speech.

Beer is far and away the favourite drink of Pop People. They have around 3,000 brands to choose from, and 70,000 pubs in England and Wales to drink it in. In the North they prefer draught beer to bottled, and a good many Northern drinkers are reckoned to put away seven pints in an evening. Around London five or six pints is the top capacity, and most of it is drunk in the public bar, which was defined by *The Times* as the place "where prices are lowest and furnishings are simple." Pop People, however, rarely read *The Times*.

At least, not yet. But the wind of change is sending a draught under scores of bar doors. There are plenty of Pop People who long to become Top People, and their drinking habits are a fair index of their ambitions. Whitbreads, for example, is the beer most favoured by forward-looking Pops. The advertising strikes a "quality" note. Go-ahead types in club scarves quaff Whitbreads. So does a tweedy young matron wearing pearls and a twin-set. The message is unmistakable: what's in the glass reveals the class.

On the other hand, Mackeson's Stout—another Whitbread brew—which comes second only to Guinness among the meatier drinks, sells mightily without even the hint of a social cachet. Whitbreads are lyrical about it. "The big sales are in the Midlands," said a Whitbread's man. "You can just see all those jolly old women sitting around in the public bar knocking the stuff back."

The fact that women *do* knock the stuff back is one of the reasons for the boom in Pop People's drinking. Nip-sized bottles of beer are designed for the woman drinker. Pubs are painted in colours most likely to please her. More spirits are sold at the week-end when the entire family flocks to the pub. The old image of the little wife who toils at the sink while her husband beats it up with the boys is as dented as a bin full of crown caps. Nowadays she is just as likely to be out there with him, ordering Babycham at 1s. 3d. a throw and insisting on a cherry in the glass.

"Seriously, I think it's the bubbles that do it," says a publican. "It looks smart. It's got snob appeal. And it doesn't really taste like booze. It's all psychological. Gracious living at a price you can afford."

In its own field, Babycham frolics home a clear winner. But in the Home Counties, champagne—the genuine article in quarter bottles—is coming up fast. This is for Pop People

who want to be noticed. A bottle sells at 7s. 6d. with a corkage charge of 1s. 6d. "Sometimes you have to explain what corkage means," says one landlord, "but I've never had any complaints. Champagne stands for oolala and chorus girls in black tights. People expect it to be expensive. And what's an extra 1s. 6d. when the bottle goes off with a bang and everyone turns round for a butchers?"

Pop People want the best. They can afford it too. But they still expect to be wooed. If the choice is between best bitter and ordinary, only the dimmest of landlords fails to emphasize the first adjective. And the same goes for spirits. "A large one, sir?" Of course. There are no cheapskates in this house.

Gin is the best-selling short among Pop People, with Booth's and Gordon's leading the field. "I don't know about it being Mother's Ruin, dear," said a lady in a Chelsea pub. "I think it's a nice *safe* drink. That tonic water's got quinine in it, you know. It's like medicine." In fact, tonic and bitter lemon have challenged fruit juice as the Pop

gin mixes. The Pop preference for a nice medium sherry stays unaltered. But there is a growing taste for brandy, invariably served in a small goblet. Pop People usually drink it with soda.

All sorts of factors bear on Pop People's drinking habits. Six years ago a pub on the Dover road sold practically nothing but brown and mild. Now the sales of both drinks have dwindled to practically nil, while customers clamour for vermouth and lager with lime. "I just sell the stuff. I don't ask why," says the landlord. "But there's not much mystery about it. Everyone's going on these continental holidays. They're bound to develop some new ideas. As for lager: I reckon the Queen gave it a real boost when she went to that brewery in Denmark. The trade ought to give her a medal."

Junior Pop People form the hard core of lager drinkers, but its low gravity also endears it to beer-addicts who take their churchgoing seriously. As a change from water, some of them sip it therapeutically throughout Lent. Many say



they can't tell the difference and, in fact, there are landlords who regard lager as a luxury-priced soft drink.

This hardly bothers the soft drink makers. Theirs is a specialized field and competition—especially in the Pop People's division—has the feel of a Holy War. The Product is sacred. Rivals are butchered, berated, and despised. Coca-Cola, who lay claim to a world sale of sixty million drinks a day, refuse even to name their closest competitor. In both public and private the unspeakable firm is referred to simply as The Imitator.

They hand out other information more freely. The drink was invented in 1886 by a canny Atlanta physician named John S. Pemberton, who ploughed back all but \$4 of his first \$50 profit into advertising. And it was a shrewd investment. Coca-Cola, they will tell you (hands on grey-flannel hearts), was the first soft drink to pass *beneath* the Pole aboard the atomic submarine *Nautilus*. But the typical consumer—invoked by their top British adman—is a genuine Pop Person: a teenage girl living at Orpington.

The advertising is aimed at an international, affluent, but elaborately class-less customer. Produced in fifty-seven languages, the 1961 calendar shows People enjoying Top sports, such as ski-ing. But the face beneath the snow goggles is the face of the girl from Orpington. "It's just demonstrating the possibilities," say the admen. "The desire for a Pop Person to rise to the Top must percolate downwards."

This is also the line taken by the canned beer salesmen, but so far Pop People have been slow to heed the message. The can itself adds 2d. to the price of the beer, but thrift is not the sole reason for Pop resistance. Beer, says the voice of Pop, should come from a pump. Or from a bottle. To date, canned beer represents only one per cent of the total beer sales in Britain. But the figure is rising by an estimated million cans a year, most of which will be sold over the off-licence counter.

TV can take most of the credit for this, just as it can take credit for the increased sales of bottled beer. In a village with 3,000 population and five pubs, a weekly average of 150 dozen bottles—or 3,000 pints, if you prefer it by the glass—



"Once upon a time . . . er . . ."

are drunk while watching the telly. The landlords, however, are not impressed. The Lantern, they say, is worse than Lysol in the pumps for ruining business.

In the dewy days of ITV one pub installed seventeen-inch screens in the public and saloon bars, with another in the living quarters. After a month of arguments, decamping regulars, and goggle-eyed staff, the landlord sold all three sets for £90 and set about rebuilding his trade. TV, he says, was invented by teetotallers for morons.

Broadly speaking, Pop People are traditional drinkers. They cling to the old labels, even though the taste may alter, and they are quick to turn a liking into a habit. They are still nervous about wine, although one firm of merchants which made a dead set for the Pop trade has burgeoned from one to seventeen branches since 1939, and another firm with fingers embedded in the public pulse organized the mass tasting of an Austrian brew named Schluck in a garage at Cranley. The occasion, they say, was a success although so far Pop People have not gathered in the streets demanding that Schluck should be delivered with the morning milk.

The Pop Palate still lacks a few taste buds, but not from want of exercise. To everyone's satisfaction, including their own, Pop People are drinking more each year. The bill for 1959—of which they paid considerably more than half—came out at £939 million. "The point is," says one licensee, "everyone's after their money. They'll settle down all right, but it takes time to get a drinking education. I mean, for some of us, it's a career."

Next week: Pop People's Reading

Those New Flats

THE thing has happened. As I felt and feared,
There in the west that was a fringe of trees
The monumental horror has been reared,
The oaks are vanished. So much for my pleas.
After long labour with his loathly crane
The Lord of Concrete piling shelf on shelf
To dominate the heathland and the plain
Has taken away my sunset for himself.

Rise if you must in your protective poles
Luxurious mansions! Mounting one by one
Immense egg-batteries of human souls
Exploit the landscape and impound the sun!
Seldom enough undimmed and debonair
In this dark Island does he sink to rest
But when he does I like to have him there—
All that is over. Vainly I protest.

Even, as I imagine, long ago
Beside the Nile some hut-inhabitant
Observed an awful desecration grow
And heard the wretched labourers gasp and pant,
Yet had no power to stand upon his rights,
Nor plead against the speculator's bid
The obscuration of his Ancient Lights
By some abominable Pyramid.

— EVOE



The House of Kennedy

KEITH KYLE considers the inauguration of the new President of the United States on January 20

THE birth of an heir to the Kennedy dynasty should resolve at last America's long search for a Royal Family. Americans have not always been aware that it is this they have been searching for. But any observer from a monarchical land can recognize the symptoms. What this semi-continental people of 180 million souls has been subconsciously seeking has been an ideal family raised above the multitude to symbolize the nation. And in the Kennedys they may at last have found it.

Only since the United States was thrust, all unwilling, on to the world's stage was this need for a symbol of national identity so acutely felt. The Roosevelt family might at first sight have seemed to meet it. But there was something imperial about the father and scapegrace about some of the sons that made the notion seem not quite fitting. General Eisenhower as an individual was the ideal constitutional monarch. He received visiting heads of state and exchanged gifts with them with admirable grace. He engaged in the royal sport (golf in the United States, not hunting or horse-racing) in the company of such baronial figures as the president of Pepsi-Cola and the heads of other leading national institutions. He spoke the language of the ordinary man

in the syntax of the ordinary man. He doted on his grandchildren and referred to their future inheritance every time he recoiled in consternation from the thought of the dollar becoming unsound. He seemed an altogether suitable monarch and many of his people wished him to reign for ever.

However there were some drawbacks even there. Lt.-Col. John Eisenhower never seemed quite the heir-to-the-throne which the situation required. Resolute attempts to glamorize this worthy young officer were as resolutely repelled. When President Eisenhower fell ill towards the end of his first term the thought of a double ticket of Major (as he then was) John Eisenhower for President and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., for Vice-President crossed the minds of many patriots who were anxious to keep the Presidency out of party politics. It was thought that to preserve honours even the order could be reversed every four years, an Eisenhower and a Roosevelt doing turn and turn about with the first and second offices of the land much as the descendants of co-heiresses do with such hereditary positions as that of Lord Great Chamberlain. But "good King Ike" resolved the immediate problem by proving that his heart specialist had got the right

idea when he told the country that another term in the White House was the best therapy for such a patient.

Now, alas, there is that unfortunate constitutional provision, carried by the Republicans, to prevent another Roosevelt getting third and fourth terms, which is having the deplorable effect of preventing President Eisenhower from continuing his convalescence in the White House. Should the constitution be again changed and the hero-President be voted his office for life? After all if Lt.-Col. John Eisenhower insisted on being a persistent subject, an American Wedgwood Benn, he could be passed over in favour of one of the grandchildren. Mr. Eisenhower's young brother Milton, who is a college president and was always described as "the brainy member of the family," would be well placed to fill any necessary Regency. But here again there have been obstacles. A Royal Family, especially a newly consecrated one, must be above all controversy of the grosser kind. Now that the question of General Eisenhower's precise relationship to atheistic Communism has been raised—and in a most responsible quarter—it is doubtful if he can ever again be regarded as rising above it all. The Legislature of the Sovereign State of Louisiana, no less, has stated in

Fancy Dress Compulsory



solemn terms that President Eisenhower and certain members of the Supreme Court have entered into a conspiracy with the Communist Party to subvert and destroy the public school system. While one might oneself be inclined to dissent from that stern verdict—and, after all, reasonable men can differ on all manner of subjects—it is clear that after a seven-and-three-quarter year honeymoon period President Eisenhower has become involved in controversy. Away with him, then. To Gettysburg let him go. The time has come for us all to mount the Kennedy clanwagon.

Before doing so we may note, if only to dismiss, one extremely ingenious and facile suggestion for resolving the dynastic issue. It has been suggested that there is only one really vital question to be asked before the future monarch can be identified. This is: who among all the personalities in American public life is above and beyond the reach of all criticism? To such a question there can only be one answer. The federal police chief, J. Edgar Hoover. Congress for example has voted him his salary for life. Senator Kennedy, on receiving the people's mandate by a majority of 152,832 votes out of 68,699,073, instantly made Hoover his first pioneer on the New Frontier by reappointing him Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, forgetting in his zeal to pay the great man tribute that this is not a presidential appointment.



However, this line of thinking has got the priorities wrong. Hoover is above criticism, yes. But does he have a Mrs. Hoover and a lot of little Hoovers? No, he does not. The Kennedy clan on the other hand will look absolutely splendid in those group photographs which are essential for successful royalty on national and familial occasions. Indeed the essence of success in royalty is to eliminate that distinction, so that the nation feels mystically at one with the occasions of the family.

Despite what may appear to many as the handicap of Senator Kennedy's miniscule majority, it is clear already that the nation, from the First Lady downwards, is identifying with the life-

saga of the Kennedy clan. Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower was reported to be quite weepy over Jacqueline Kennedy's baby. And all this has happened, fortuitously perhaps but most fortunately nevertheless, just at the moment when the big radio networks have killed the last of their famous soap operas. No more *Ma and Pa Kettle*. It will be *Ma and Pa Kennedy* instead. The limitless public benefits of this stretch out before the imagination. No nation has ever had such an intensive course of popular medical education on the illnesses of the elderly as has the United States under the benevolent sovereignty of "Ike" Eisenhower. Now the other three strokes of the cycle will be taken

care of. The ruddy health of the middle-aged man who is about to enter the White House, the youthful fashions of his spouse, the childish diseases of their babes, these will for the next eight years be the daily pabulum of the people served daily to the White House Press corps by Pierre Salinger, the Jim Hagerty of the New Frontier.

After eight years of this (assuming the grateful public will give this all-American father its hand, its voice, its heart a second time in 1964) every American will want to know what is going to happen next. Either the no-third term amendment will have to be repealed so that the new chief of state can serve five terms and bring us up to the age of "Ike," which is where we

came in, or brother Bobby will have to have his two terms, then brother Ted, then brother-in-law Sergeant Shriver, and then, if the constitution were amended to make twenty-one the eligible age for the Presidency instead of thirty-five, the purple could be donned by the young King of Rome, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr. But if the constitution has to be tampered with at all to serve such an obvious public purpose why cobble and patch? Let Americans go the whole hog. Let's have the House of Kennedy formally enthroned.

Just conceivably, someone with a strict sense of heredity and of what is due to the head of a family, might object that the potential monarch has a father living. But this should give us

but a second's pause. The Kennedys hid old Joe in the attic, or the basement, of somewhere for the whole duration of the recent campaign and only produced him for the photographers once the victory was won. If the national interest should demand that the former Ambassador be exiled for life to the Riviera lest the dread question "When did you last see your father?" should be for ever poised on loyal subjects' lips, the family spirit of the Kennedys is such that the old man would know what he could do.

After all, think of the compensations. Those Kennedy brothers, and, above all, those Kennedy sisters! No longer would the American chief of state himself feel obliged to return the calls of the heads of government or state of all one hundred members of the United Nations. Each and all would have its periodic visit from a member of the Kennedy clan, who fortunately so resemble each other in appearance, regardless of sex, that no country will be so underdeveloped as to feel that a visit from any one of them is anything less than a visit from the great American ruler himself. A state visit from sister Eunice will be the unbeatable response to anti-American riots in Tokyo, Caracas or anywhere in the world. No one would want to be photographed doing to her what the Republicans of Dallas did to Ladybird Johnson, least of all the Communists, who know that gallantry is supranational and who will have noted what happened to the Texan Republicans afterwards at the polls.



Indoor Snow

By E. S. TURNER

ANYONE whose idea of *la dolce vita* is chasing round in circles with young women in flame-coloured, elasticated pants—and, heaven knows, there are more dubious forms of bliss—should sign on at once for one of those popular dry ski-ing classes. They begin at the same hour as cocktail parties, but are better for the soul and the body. If they also lead to romance—well, isn't that one of the chief objects of ski-ing?

In London the classes are run by stores and travel agents*, with the aid of snake-hipped, effervescent instructors from Austria, Italy, Norway and Switzerland. Elsewhere instruction is given at some eighty centres, by British instructors, under the aegis of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Central Council

* Among the leaders, Dolf Wachter—London Winter Sports Centre; Anni Maurer—Lillywhites; Alan Crompton—Simpsons; Lotti Smith—Harrods; Narv Karlsen—Moss Bros.

of Physical Recreation. Those beyond reach of Club and Council must exercise in their flame-coloured pants by themselves, which can be both wasteful and frustrating. A recent newspaper article, addressed primarily to children, said: "Ski champions practise in summer by running down mountains; you will find it is almost as good an exercise to run up and down stairs."

The idea of going into training for one's holidays will strike many as singularly abhorrent, but skiers do not wish to spend the first week of their fortnight in agony; very sensibly, they prefer to have their agony in the boss's time. If muscles which have been corrupted by stiletto heels can be made flexible beforehand, if the theory of the stem and the kick turn can be mastered much mortification may be avoided on the slopes. The operators of ski schools do not publish testimonials, but

if they did, a typical one might read: "After only three hours among the rabbits at Gstaad I was promoted to the higher slopes, thanks entirely to you."

A tour of West-end ski classes should reassure those who fear the race is going soft. In a basement hall in Sloane Street a Spring-heeled Jack in the person of Dolf Wachter, who has a ski school in Switzerland, is assisting young women to stand on the backs of their necks and ride imaginary bicycles, to imitate kangaroos and porpoises and the angels in Regent Street. Midriffs peep, pigtails fly, crucifixes dance, eyes glisten, knees creak, seams part. The class then put on skis and are soon shuffling, shimmying, rocking, bouncing, toe-touching and gasping. From a snack bar, members of the next class pretend they wish they had booked for a cruise. When it's over there are showers, refreshments, films.

Above the rumble of Piccadilly



"You've failed, utterly!"

Circus, in the ladies' blouse department of a sports store, Miss Anni Maurer cracks a metaphorical whip over a parade of two-legged rocking-horses. Her pupils are mounted on short curved skis of her own devising, the raised ends making for easier manoeuvring. Of the ten thousand pupils Miss Maurer has loosened up, a goodly number must have heard the accusing "You're flat, sir!" "Madam, you're flat!" as they dared to subside on their skis instead of balancing on the edges, as commanded. She reminds them, sternly, that people who go flat in training will go flat on their faces in the snow. Miss Maurer was first of the dry ski teachers in London after the war and some of her pupils return season after season.

In a snug ballroom in Westminster, Alan Crompton, former British Olympic captain, is teaching his class, among other things, how to fall over in a relaxed manner, without attracting bruises or undue attention; and, having fallen, how to get from under the skis and on top of them again. In this comprehensive course he is helped by Miss Francesca Salmanci, from the Sestrières Ski School, an indiarubber sprite with a degree in biology. If asked, "Isn't carpet ski-ing a bit of an anti-climax after the real thing?" she will shake her head. Not at all; it's warm and cosy and friendly and there are no hills to climb in a ballroom (though there may be next year). Anyway, she came here not only to ease our springs but to polish her English.

Miss Lotti Smith, from Austria, runs a spirited session in the Chelsea Community Centre, a building dedicated, in the main, to less strenuous pursuits, such as discussions on speleology and photography, or bingo. She concentrates on physical exercises. Her pupils learn to "walk on their ankles," to bend their knees without sticking out their bottoms (no ski instructors have bottoms) and to do things with their pelvises that Mr. Presley, for one, would be the better for trying. Here too midribs flash, manes toss, brows glisten, pullovers are discarded. Out on the slopes, Miss Smith says, accidents are more likely to happen to those who arrive unlimbered and unloosened. After about three days the combination of altitude, stiffness and tiredness makes them vulner-



"It's the only decent thing I've got left to wear."

able; and, if unlucky, they spend the rest of their holiday collecting autographs on their legs.

Miss Smith holds that people can learn ski-ing only on snow, and by snow she does not mean sand or pine needles. But her professional interest has been aroused by a new ski-ing simulator which she has been trying out in Chelsea. Clamped to spring-tethered skis, which slide on a metal ring, the learner can perform snow ploughs and a variety of turning movements. This engine greatly impresses the bingo trade.

In a staff canteen over Covent Garden, Narv Karlsen, a former instructor in the Norwegian Army, leads a class mounted on a different type of simulator, the Spenski. The "skis" can slide backward and forward, to

left or right, and a bed of foam rubber allows the ankles to be bent. The pupils advance, in imagination, along a steep hillside. "Try to remember where the hill is," exhorts the instructor, pointing with his stick over the roofs of Covent Garden. Then he urges them to lean on an imaginary wind from the kitchen.

The pupils, in all these classes, range from ten years of age to fifty-odd. There are Jaguar families, scooter couples, assorted young matrons, and an occasional executive with hooded eyes, but still game. The shyer citizens—for example, elderly gentlemen who have married young wives—may have private lessons if they wish. Pupils wear anything from slacks and vorlages to floppy track suits and jeans. Skirts are decidedly not worn.

On The Notice-Board

... of The Golden Dawn Super-Ice-Kreem Factory.

PENCILS BEHIND EARS

LAST Monday a copying-ink pencil fell into a vat of our Golden Dawn Super-Kreemy Mix. The owner claimed he had been working so hard that his ears were sweating and the pencil slid unfelt down its lubricated slipway. Be that as it may, when the vat was opened three hours later, twenty-four gallons of Golden Dawn Super-Kreemy were light mauve and tasting of crushed indelible pencil.

The Company would have suffered a substantial loss but for the initiative of our Sales Manager, Mr. Climie, who sent out the tubs under emergency labels of Pistachio Lilac Surprise. Fortunately, few of our customers are sure of the flavour of pistachio and those who complained of the taste were persuaded that therein lay the surprise.

On Wednesday, the remains of a black ball-point pen were found in the beaters of No. 6 Vat and the sixteen gallons of Snow-White Vitamin-Enriched Pure-Dairy-Kreem came out a pale shade of undertaker's grey and looking as mouth-watering as wet flannel.

The Sales Manager was again equal to the occasion and sent out the tubs with instructions that they were to be sold only in the back rows of cinemas, in cafés with fluorescent lighting and to members of the general public wearing dark glasses. All but twenty-two have already been sold. Bravo! Mr. Climie.

Not only do these examples of unpardonable negligence endanger the finances of the company but they also impose an unwarranted strain upon the ingenuity of Mr. Climie, and all members of the staff will please note that, from the date of this notice, the carriage of pencils, pens and ballpoints behind the ears is strictly prohibited.

J. L. STEAMGOOSE,
Production Manager.

Copy to Mr. Climie.



"KUALA LUMPUR, Saturday. Malayan students going to Britain to study on Government grants—they now number 3,000—must sign a contract vowing now to marry until their courses are complete."

Evening Standard

Then work for their decree?



Everyone seems to get a great deal of fun out of it. The magazine counsellors who give advice to the lonely ("Why don't you *join* something, my dear?") could do worse than urge their readers to attend a dry ski class. After all, you don't *have* to go to the Alps; you need not even buy any equipment. In no time at all, the lonely girl will find a tall, dark stranger stepping on her skis, either deliberately or accidentally; or she may find herself sitting on the floor playing a scientific, but none the less fascinating, form of "footie" with the sort of man who has never doubted how to say Noilly Prat. The rest is up to her. Miss Lotti Smith says that three marriages have originated from her ski classes.

In Paris, one now learns, novices can learn to ski on an undulating run compounded of borax, polyvinyl-chloride and carpet; and jolly good luck to them. In America, plastic carpets are rolled down hillsides, regardless of expense. In Tokyo skiers perform indoors on artificial snow. All these developments may yet be seen in Britain; and, indeed, there is talk of a ski-run this year at Wembley, with snow imported from Norway. (Some of us remember what happened last time we imported snow from Norway; the British Customs wanted to levy duty on it.) Whatever happens, the dry ski schools are not likely to go out of business. They're far too much fun.

Blue Print

By GWYN THOMAS

WE saw Mel Wilton walking slowly about Meadow Prospect looking cold, pinched and lost. We were interested. We had not set eyes on him for about five years and we thought from the bleached look of suffering on his face that he might be able to add a few details to the map of troubles we were assembling in our nightly sessions in the snug of "The Orb."

We guided Mel to "The Orb." We wanted him to go into the snug where there was always a big fire, but Mel followed his nose and went straight into the snack bar. He ate his way through practically everything on the counter without saying a word. It was clear that he had been on a long fast and did not intend to say anything about it until he had filled the last hollow. As he swallowed his last pie he muttered his gratitude. Seth Olley, the landlord, after making sure that we had not brought Mel in as a freak to prove something, totalled our bill. Then we took Mel into the snug.

We asked where he had been all this time. He said he had been to gaol.

"What were you doing there, Mel?" we asked, and Mel, always literal in famine or surfeit said: "Nothing much. It was one of those gaols where they kept you very quiet."

"I mean what were you put in gaol for?"

After five minutes of solemn, silent digestion, he told us.

"There were many reasons for my being in gaol," said Mel, "but the greatest of them was my cousin, Vince Gabe. About six years ago, here in Meadow, my wife had a strange bout. When they lifted the restrictions on hire purchase I think they lifted the top of her skull as well. She signed so many instalment contracts the Board of Trade sent her a Valentine. I couldn't keep up with her. I fell behind. I complained. She even bought a gun on H.P. to shoot me with if I didn't shut up. The bailiffs closed in. We left most of the stuff we hadn't paid for and did a moonlight flit to a place called Lindham. I was born there. It's a town like this, mountains on all sides. It's full of my relations. I thought if I was to be led off to the County Keep for debt it would be nice to have a few friendly faces around to take the shine off the policeman's helmet.

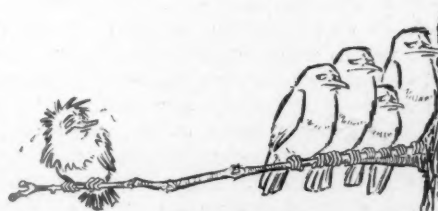
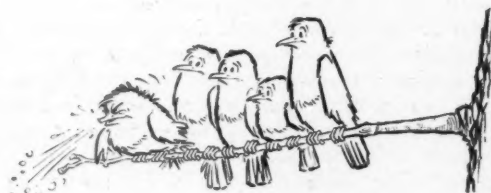
"In Lindham my wife got up to her old tricks again and in no time I could hear the bloodhounds in the back garden. I was thinking of flight when I met my cousin, Vince Gabe. Vince had a taxi business. He had one taxi. At least he called it a taxi although I never saw any badge or certificate on Vince to show that he had proper standing. The car he had was a huge black one with a hood that was always down. Once the hood had worked smoothly and was a pleasure to see, Vince said, but something had rusted and broken and now it sat in the back like a great accordion. I'd put the date of the car at about 1928 and I heard about the town that between breakdowns and the hood being out of action Vince would not have got more people wet if he had been operating a ferry.

"The first night I met him I asked him for a loan. He said

that for the moment he was as broke as I was but he had plans, golden plans. As he said this about the plans he was winking and laughing, and I thought to myself that in a town full to the borough limits with my relations I had to hit on Vince Gabe who seemed unhinged. He pulled me into a far, dark corner of the saloon bar we were in to tell me about his plans.

"We had to move about a bit in that bar because the sight of Vince whispering to me and making gestures attracted a lot of people. So there were gaps in what I heard Vince say, or I would have told him then and there to be quiet. It seems that Vince in his big black taxi had taken members of a visiting gelnignite gang on the rounds of various local quarries for the explosive they needed to break open safes, and so on. In that car with the hood down and singing whenever they passed a policeman they were taken for naïve revellers without a dishonest thought in their heads. They had taken so much explosive they had slowed down the stone trade to practically nothing.

"Then he told me that he had picked up a lot of interesting tips from these gangsters. There was a master-mind in London who would come down to your town and sell you a blue print for a perfect crime for as little as £25. I thought to myself it was just as well my wife had not heard of this or



HARGREAVES.



"Very nearly ready, dear."

she would have bought a blue print on the H.P. and then sent me out to do the job to keep up with all the other payments. If I'd known, I was not going to be much better off with Vince.

"Vince said he had thought this over and come to the conclusion that he would save himself a bit of money. He would be his own master-mind. Nobody knew the town better than he did, and his long experience in the taxi trade had made him a kind of private secretary to the town's inner life. That was Vince's trouble. A terrible know-all. Vince drove his old father up the wall sitting watching that Brains Trust on the telly and answering all the questions before one of the panel could get his lips moving. Even dead, Vince will have some last tip to give the undertaker. A know-all. He said that he had already planned a coup and that he could do with all the manpower he could get. And from the way he winked when he said that you could have sworn he was going to invade Cardiff and sell the County Hall.

"The job was planned for a Wednesday night. Vince had told me that he was going to choose a moonless night but when he called for me about eleven one of the biggest moons I have ever seen was rising over Lindham. I assumed that Vince was working to an old calendar. My wife wanted to know what I was doing out so late. I told her that I was

going to a Black Mass of H.P. debtors at which we were going to put pins, paid for in cash, through the wax effigies of bailiffs. She said that was a good idea.

"In a side street off Lindham square we were joined by two very big quiet men who would handle any violence that might arise. Vince and I were on the small, neat side and would have been useless in any fighting. The men's names were Gurney and Gadd. We passed a policeman. Vince told us to sing. We sang. Vince told the policeman we were revellers off to a late dance. Part of the dance was a treasure-hunt, so the policeman would not be puzzled by anything untoward. The policeman nodded and said he saw the point of dancing but not of treasure-hunts. We began once more to sing. If that evening had yielded a fortune the edge would have been taken off it by the singing of Gurney and Gadd.

"Our first port of call was the office of a corn-merchant called Craddock. It was a poor, ramshackle looking place. Vince went to work on the key-hole with some sort of hair-pin. Gurney leaned on the door to watch Vince and the door opened instantly. Vince waved his pin and said, 'It never fails.' He told me to stay outside and give a blast on the horn if anyone passed through the lane. Four people passed through the lane but I could not get a sound from the horn. Then Vince, Gurney and Gadd came out with a safe. Gurney was groaning and seemed to be working at a wrong angle to the safe. Vince was saying that old Craddock, one of the most cautious types of corn-merchant, had lost faith in banks and had not made a deposit in one for five years and had been putting his every pound into the safe. The story I'd heard was that Craddock would have been delighted to put money in the bank but just didn't have any. But I didn't want to argue with Vince in that lane, not with Gurney groaning like that. We loaded the safe into the car.

"Our next stop was at a saw-mill which looked even more derelict than the corn-merchant's. The office was a flimsy shack and the door appeared to swing open and give a kind of official welcome to Vince's pin. Within minutes they came out again carrying a safe, a bigger one this time. Gurney was groaning again and I told myself that I didn't know what training Gurney had had in this activity but he could clearly have had a few more lessons in carrying loot. Vince told me to get into the back of the car and guide the second safe into position. Gadd pushed too fiercely and I almost landed up in a tomb of steel. Gadd was becoming truculent. Was Vince sure, he asked, that these jobs had been master-minded? Vince said yes, he had the receipt for £25 in his pocket. Gadd said there were master-minds and master-minds, and he hinted that Vince had been misled in his love for a quick bargain. Vince asked if there was anyone but a top consultant crook in London who could have found any premises in Lindham easier to get into or out of. This silenced Gadd but did not convince him. 'Now to the mountain top,' said Vince. 'To the where?' said Gadd. 'The mountain top. You don't expect us to try opening safes in a place as nose-y as Lindham.'

"I told Vince I remembered that the top of one of the mountains to the north or south of us, I couldn't remember which one, was notorious for its bogs and marshes. Vince said he had spent weeks poring over a geological map and the mountain we were headed for was dry as a bone.

"We started up the mountain. On the sharper slopes the saw-mill safe started slipping and Gurney and I almost went with it. I could hear no sound of anything moving about in the safe and I could see Gadd eyeing Vince and trying to work that out. Why the top of the mountain? asked Gurney, who was moaning and saying that his arms had been practically torn from their joints at the last slope. Lovers, said Vince, infested the foothills until the dawn and they would object to the sound of metal on metal. Where have you got the burners? asked Gadd. What burners? asked Vince. The acetylene burners to get the safe-doors off. Burners on top of a mountain? said Vince. Do you want us to be like a team of glow-worms in full sight of the county? I've got some first-rate hammers and chisels in the boot. There's nothing, he said, gives a gang away so fast as a fancy *modus operandi*.

"We reached the top of the mountain. The car stopped. Now, said Gadd, let's get the safes on the road and bang them open. No, no, said Vince. We'll drive about fifty yards on to the moorland. On the road any police patrol or passing traveller could come upon us. The car left the road. We travelled twenty, thirty yards and I knew that when Vince had looked at those geological maps he had been looking at a map that took no heed of bogs. When the car stopped it had nothing to do with Vince. It was sunk almost to the tyre-hubs. Gadd and Gurney dragged the safes out and started banging at them with the hammers. Every blow they gave sent the safes deeper into the mire. They managed to get the corn-merchant's open. It contained a bag and on it, in letters of gold, 'For Better Budgies.' They could make no headway with the other. They decided to abandon it. Vince tried to start the car. It wouldn't budge. Vince gasped and said he had the solution. We would hit him over the head, truss him and when he was found he would say that

unknown assailants had commandeered him and his taxi and made him their tool. Gadd said this was the first sound idea he had heard that night and exactly as Vince was on his last word Gadd crowned him dramatically on the head with the hammer he had just been using on the safe. Vince landed flat on the marsh. Gadd was for leaving him there. But Gurney and I picked him up, tied his hands and legs and pushed him into the car. Then I started walking back to Lindham. Gadd and Gurney went in the other direction.

"The night was calm, quiet, just right for deep compassionate thoughts. I thought about Vince. I could see that car, with him inside, sinking out of sight in that bog. I turned back and dragged him out. I pulled him down the mountain road. He was still cold and silent, the right state, as I see it now, for Vince. I got worried. I saw a house. I knocked at the door. A young widow lived there. Between us we got Vince conscious. It turned out that his skull had been case-hardened by his many acts of cunning. He recognized the widow. He had courted her years before. She said how lucky it was she had been awake, when we called, to give succour to Vince. But she had been having trouble with her plumbing. A cistern in the attic was leaking. Vince sprang up. He had just taken a postal course in plumbing. I could see he was still a few feet above the earth's crust, and he just laughed when I told him that if he found a hole in any pipe he should make it large enough for us to crawl in and hide. He was starting up the blow-lamp when the police came.

"I came out of Lindham gaol yesterday. Vince is still there. Last week he showed the governor a plan for rearranging the bars on the windows that will save the government pounds on its iron bill. Has the landlord got any more pies? Trouble does odd things to my stomach."



"She moved."

SOME AWARDS FOR 1961

Novelists, film-makers, playwrights, TV personalities and other people not seriously starved of limelight already, were, as usual, the recipients of trophies, diplomas and ceremonial luncheons last year. Can 1961 see a few tributes for outstanding services in humbler spheres?



TELEPHONE-GIRL OF THE YEAR

Miss Mavis Burtle. A poll of subscribers in Miss Burtle's area disclosed no instance in which she had screamed "Was you flashing!" into her mouthpiece, though this was partly because subscribers lucky enough to call a number during her tours of duty usually got it and didn't have to flash. In cases of delays owing to circumstances beyond her control she injected a sweet sincerity into her "Trying to connect you," and never gave vent to petulant Tut-tuttings. No lapses were recorded into the frame of mind which sees a light on the switchboard as an unwarrantable interference with the operator's knitting. A specially commendable feature was her easy recall during the ringing of an obvious "No reply" number.



GARAGE-HAND OF THE YEAR

Mr. Alfred Bannicker. Testimonials to pump-hand Bannicker have poured into the motoring organizations, placing particular emphasis on his caution at the end of a fill; in a year's working he only once slopped half a gallon over a rear bumper. No sets of Mr. Bannicker's hand-prints in sump-oil have been reported on doors, bonnets or boots, and he has scrupulously fetched change, even on petrol-bills of nineteen shillings odd. Six cases of voluntarily wiped windscreens were mentioned in his favour, and none of his having talked glibble customers into unnecessary wheel-balancing, under-sealing or tyre-renewal.



GUIDE OF THE YEAR

Mr. Arthur Hammond, O.B.E. The Guide of the Year is Mr. Arthur Hammond. Mr. Hammond's great talent is hospitality. He makes his visitors feel at home. When he is conducting a tour, they can never forget that it belongs not to Rowton, but to the National Trust. So friends who visit the hall shows the visitors the historic bedrooms, the notable parts of the Hall, that Lord Rowton was tagging along with his listeners, under the trees. They have come down for a week-end's shooting. The Rowton are said to be higher than anywhere in the Blackpool front, despite the fact that there are no jukeboxes and no jazz festivals.



RAILWAY BUFFET-ATTENDANT OF THE YEAR

Mrs. Ernest Kufferty. Mrs. Kufferty has earned no fewer than eighteen commendations for cutting *right through* sandwiches. Chipped cups returned to her by hygiene-minded customers were replaced without audible comment; customers voluntarily returning used crockery to the counter were thanked. Mrs. Kufferty has been zealous in dissuading her staff from manhandling pastries, gathering behind the urns for private bickering, and pouring more than six teas at a time without raising the teapot spout. She has laughed at customers' jokes, twice given change for telephone calls. Her overall has remained largely free from stains.

ESTABLISHED
William B. Bin
 Mr. Bin
 properties
 written
 firms, M
 vendors
 the insp
 household
 rubble.



GREENGROCER OF THE YEAR

Mr. George Pippin. "What the customers want," says Mr. George Pippin, elected Greengrocer of the Year by the Greengrocers' Fan Club, "is a greengrocer that's really a greengrocer. You get these blokes that go in for selling bread, and dairy produce, and soft drinks, and of course flowers—and then they don't pay enough attention to the greengroceries. But me, I just go in for the greengroceries. Of course, I have to go in for the tinned stuff a bit, and I've got this deep-freeze here for the frozen veg, where I keep the old Meatburgers and Fish Cutlets and scampi and all that; and then there's the usual squashes and minerals and just a few of these cake-mixes and so on for emergencies, like; and naturally there's a stock of cigarettes under the counter for regulars, and I'll always take a bet on the dogs or the horses; but that's being a greengrocer, isn't it?"



RADIO REPAIRER OF THE YEAR

Brian McAfferty. The Guild of Broken-down Radio Owners says "Brian's two outstanding qualities are his quickness in spotting a fault and his resourcefulness in dealing with it on the spot. He never dismantles an entire set in order to discover that the screw that holds the tuner knob on its spindle needs a half-turn with a screwdriver. He is always able to trace a fault without the need to replace a valve, a condenser, a transformer, a cathode tube or even the complete set." Brian, who lives in New Cross, has worked for sixty-four different radio repairers since leaving school and is now thinking of going into the Merchant Navy.



ESTATE AGENT OF THE YEAR

William Binkins. Vendors and purchasers alike spoke in glowing terms of Mr. Binkins' professional methods, in particular his moderation in descriptions of properties. Redhill customer notes particularly that where other agents had written "delightful sun loggia" in a property currently on the books of several firms, Mr. Binkins termed this "a strong shed." On visiting the houses of would-be vendors, Mr. Binkins habitually expressed delight, abandoning the usual form whereby an agent conducts a tour of eloquent disparagement and leaves the householder wondering how he has managed to pig it for so long in this heap of rubble.



USHERETTE OF THE YEAR

Miss Pat Flaherty, runs the citation of the National Queue of Cinemagoers, always accompanies patrons to the end of their row, instead of flicking her torch over her shoulder and saying "On the left, dear." She takes pains not to shine her torch into the eyes of seated patrons when looking for empty seats, or on to the laps of courting couples when eager for a giggle. She is never known to reply "I don't know anything about that, you'll have to ask the box-office" when reminded that what has been promised is one double and not two singles. Her conversation with the other usherettes is at all times brief, quiet and to the point with excessive sibilants avoided. She has conscientiously led the screaming at horror-films, even during the last house on Saturday night.

Mediatrics

Or the care of the Middle-aged

By H. F. ELLIS

3. Attitude to Youth

THE young customarily resent being reminded of their youth. The old react sharply to any implied suggestion (helping on with overcoats, cutting up meat, etc.) that they are getting on. Middle age as ever is ground between the upper and the nether millstone, being regarded by the old, particularly when related by marriage or waiting to get on a Board, as not yet fully adult or responsible, and by the young as hopelessly passé and out of touch with the modern world. This dual pressure leads to a great deal of grinding of false teeth, often in secret and alone.

We are not here concerned with attitudes towards the old; an opportunity may occur later to suggest means of combating their ineradicable assumption of superior wisdom. This paper deals with the Young, of the two far and away the more serious scourge and probably responsible, whether individually or in the mass, for quite sixty per cent of the emotional derangements and stress diseases of the middle-aged.

We have first, as in any successful campaign, to recognize the enemy, to understand his strengths and weaknesses and to spot the weapons in his armoury most likely to do us harm. The characteristics of youth, then, so far as they bear on the conflict with middle age,* can be crystallized into the following Adolescent Beliefs:

- (i) *That people over thirty have practically no further interest in anything.* The solitary admitted exception to this loss of the capacity for enjoyment is that parents like to hear what their children have been doing.
- (ii) *That the middle-aged no longer want to own things:* Everything belonging to parents is *family*; what belongs to children is *theirs*. (Cf. the cult of one-sided borrowing.)
- (iii) *That you have a right to enjoy life while you are young.* (This is of course the corollary of the belief, at (i) above, that when you aren't you can't.)
- (iv) *That the young are ipso facto winning and likeable.* Thus no special effort is called for on their side.

* Upon the inevitability of this conflict it hardly seems necessary to comment. But we shall see that failure to accept this basic fact of life lies at the root of many M.A. neuroses.

If we keep these basic characteristics firmly in mind we shall have a better chance of at least holding our own.

Selling the Pass

Consider the word *Neamiaphobia*, the technical term used to describe the condition of those who, consciously or unconsciously, cannot adjust themselves to young people. There is no difficulty about the first part of the word, which comes of course from the Greek *Neantias*, a "youth"; but it is often forgotten that the root meaning of *Phobos* is not "dislike" but "fear." One breeds the other, certainly, but therapeutically we are interested in first causes, and there is no doubt that the real trouble with many middle-aged people is Nag's Disease.† At the bottom of their cold hearts they are afraid.

The complaint of Q—, one of my patients, is all too typical. "I get on pretty well with young people nine-tenths of the time," he told me. "My children will have friends in and we'll all sit there talking and laughing, you know, without any awkwardness, and then suddenly there'll be an embarrassed silence, covert looks are exchanged and *I realize that I have said something middle-aged.*" The italics are mine. As originally delivered the terribly revealing phrase was spoken without emphasis, which in itself indicated that Q— had reached the condition known as "Abject B," when it is taken for granted that to say and do middle-aged things is wrong. Defeatism of this kind, which has grown very rapidly owing to the post-war deification of Youth, is very difficult to treat. The patient must be made to realize that it is right and natural to say middle-aged things in middle age, particularly when talking to children. The chances are

† A colloquialism of the consulting room. From Kipling's story of Rikki-tikki-tavi. It has nothing to do with wives or horses.



"Yes, I got the call all right. Then I remembered it was a Monday night and I thought it might be an excuse to get me to appear in 'This is your Life,' so I didn't go, and it wasn't until next morning that I heard about the B.B.C. being on fire."



"How many doses did you give Daddy?"

that a middle-aged remark will be *good*. It is for the children to feel embarrassed and ashamed when, as so often happens, they are guilty of saying *young* things in the presence of their elders. The lesson must be ceaselessly inculcated that the crown and goal of middle age is to be *as unlike teenagers as possible*.

This point is of such importance that it justifies a little social history. Victorian parents, with the robust common-sense characteristic of the age, kept their children in subjection, denying them pleasures and self-expression as far as was humanly possible. This was eminently wise. Regret for lost youth, the older man's instinctive envy of the younger, lies at the heart of the antipathy between the two groups. The Victorians abolished this canker by making life so unpleasant for the young that it was impossible to envy them—and in consequence were able to regard them not only without dislike but often with positive affection. The boot of envy, indeed, was on the other foot; the young could hardly wait to become middle-aged.

All this, by processes which it would be tedious to recall, has been wantonly cast away. The natural envy of the

middle-aged is redoubled by the spectacle of hordes of adolescents who are not only younger but clearly having a better time than their elders,* and fear and dislike are the inevitable consequences. These consequences would not be so grave if they were admitted, but unfortunately there lingers on a widespread belief that it is the duty of the older to try to like and even help the young, which in turn leads to weak-kneed attempts to sympathize with and "understand" this grossly over-privileged class. As always when too much is asked of human nature the psychological tensions, frustrations and repressions that result can do lasting harm, and may even split the personality of a "youth-worker" of forty-five or fifty clean in half. Very few of us are as clear-sighted as an M.M. II barrister friend of mine. "Danger to young people who stand about on street corners be damned!" he declared. "If I do it I get rheumatism."

What then is the right attitude to adopt towards the young?

* Note that the young are not only having a better time than the middle-aged had when *they* were young, which is irritating enough, but a better time than the middle-aged are having *now*, which is intolerable.

First, it must be *positive*. There must be no truckling to the self-importance of youth. The kind of behaviour so often seen in a Fathers' XI going out to play against their prep. school sons, the exaggeration of their infirmities, the loud facetious talk of their incompetence—these are inexcusable errors of tactics. Bad as they may be at cricket these men are almost certainly better than their stripling sons, and should not throw away the opportunity of proving it. Secondly, the abominable heresy that youth is easily hurt, and that irreparable damage may be done by an unkind word, must be rooted out of the mind. History shows that there is practically no youthful trouble that cannot be put right by the gift of a fiver or in extreme cases a bicycle.* Above all, there must be a resolute rejection of any treacherous suspicion that *youth knows best*—about life, art, morals or manners. It would be too much of a fluke to suppose that two successive generations should be exceptionally gifted in this way.

Anti-Youth Clubs

So many vested and other interests nowadays exist to plug the importance, talents, rights, wrongs, superiority, clothes sense, sensitivity, achievements, frustrations and delinquency of youth, that many middle-aged people are feeling the need for a corporate counter-movement to restore the balance. At long last Societies for the Middle-aged, Anti-Youth Clubs and similar organizations are springing up under the guidance of devoted health-workers to meet this need. The sense of solidarity, of belonging, the consciousness of the importance of their own age-bracket, the feeling of unity and purpose that comes to men and women in their forties and fifties thus enabled to meet together once or twice a week, swap stories about Teddy Boys, and openly avow that they have had about

* To get the matter into proportion, imagine trying to propitiate or cheer up a man of forty-five by giving him a guitar.

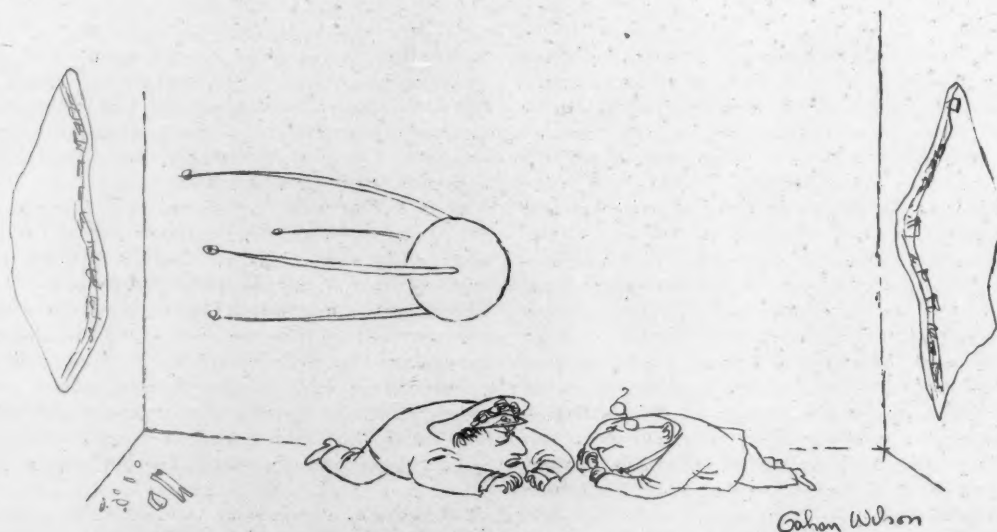
as much as they can stand of Young People, has a very high therapeutic value. Something of the range and value of the work that is being done can be gathered from a glance at part of the Weekly Programme of Events of a West Sussex Anti-Youth Club kindly sent me by a colleague. The club meets on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and the following shows the arrangements for last July.

- Tues. 5* *Lantern Lecture.* "This So-called Modern Art." Mr. James Winch will show over fifty Examples of painting and sculpture by Young Persons.
- Sat. 9* *Foray.* The Club will tour teenage Cafés and Dance Halls, taking notes.
- Tues. 12* *Immorality Evening.* Mrs. Bartlett will give a Talk on "Unchaperoned Holidays Abroad," followed by a Discussion.
- Sat. 16* *Demonstration* in favour of Stricter Discipline, outside the Sedgeworth Junior Mixed. (Please bring your own banners.)
- Tues. 19* *Debate.* "That this Club was Properly Brought Up."
- Sat. 23* *Brains Trust.* Four well-known Middle-aged Personalities will answer your Youth Problems.
- Tues. 26* *Social and Gossip.* The suggested topic for this evening is "They all want Something for Nothing."
- Sat. 30* *Candid Camera Competition.* Prizegiving. Entries for the two sections, "Young Frights" and "Whither England?" must reach the Secretary by July 20.

Needless to say, this West Sussex Anti-Youth Club has a flourishing membership.

In my next paper I hope to talk about Knowledgeability and the problems it brings to men in the prime of life.

Next week: The Knowledgeable Man



"How long will it be until the damned thing stops orbiting?"



Our Man in America

P. G. WODEHOUSE never misses the big stories

DISAFFECTION is raising its ugly head in New York, and it is not too much to say that there is a good deal of sullen murmuring going on.

It's about those Gracie House meat and grocery bills. We poor slobs of taxpayers have to pick up the check for all food consumed at Gracie House, the beautiful residence on the East River where the Mayor of New York lives with his wife and his two growing boys, and as some of us are pretty strapped for money these days, it is not surprising that the news that their bills for what A.P.H. calls obesity-producing carbohydrates are averaging three thousand dollars a month has hit us hard. A bit high, we feel.

It is not that we grudge the Mayor his three meals a day, but we do think he might occasionally have a lamb stew or something simple like that, instead of trying to eclipse the luxurious

feeding habits of the old Roman emperors. (In saying which, we have our eye particularly on the Emperor Vitellius, who notoriously liked to do himself well.)

But it may be that we are blaming Mayor Wagner unjustly, and that it is those two growing boys who are at the seat of the trouble. If so, we suggest a spot more discipline at the breakfast table.

"No, Cyril, not nightingales' tongues and caviare. And, Lester, how many times have I told you that you must finish your cereal before you have the stuffed peacock and champagne?" It only needs a little firmness.

In addition to having to pay out good money to help Gracie House burst its waistcoat buttons, New Yorkers have been troubled of late by a Smell. I give it a capital letter because it earned that accolade. It was one of those up-and-coming young smells

which keep their chins up and both feet on the ground, the sort of smell that looks you in the eye and gets things done. Living in the country, I missed it, but it has been described to me by friends in the metropolis as similar to rotten eggs and having much in common with the aroma of skunks and marsh gas.

Of course, the first idea everyone had was that it came from across the river in New Jersey, where they are always boiling glue and that sort of thing, and the telephone wires were congested by angry citizens shouting "Stop it, you stinkers!" But New Jersey insisted that it had nothing to do with them. They had noticed the smell themselves, they said, but had supposed that the wind was bringing it from the New York side and that it was just the normal bouquet diffused by dwellers on Manhattan Island.

The whole thing remains a mystery,



but there is a growing school of thought which feels that some motion picture company must have gone in for those new Smellies which are the latest craze, and were filming an American novel.

Purists in New York have been ruffled lately because the city authorities have put up a pedestrian safety poster bearing the legend "Watch out. That light's gonna change," the idea being that it makes the pedestrian watch his step when about to cross the road and stand still until another sign tells him "'s all right. Youse can cross now."

Madison Avenue publicity experts say that the best way to attract the attention is by shock, but, as a writer in the *N.Y. Herald-Tribune* points out, what could be calculated to shock a New Yorker more than the use of correct English? Substitute "about to" for "gonna," and you would bring the average New York pedestrian up with a round turn, his eyes bulging in amazement. Though, as a matter of fact, these warning signs are not really needed. Anyone who does a good deal

of walking in New York soon gets to realize that it is every man for himself.

There is a station on the Long Island railroad called Jamaica, and every time you travel on the L.I.R.R.

you have to change there. This, in winter, means an icy wait on a wind-swept platform, and travellers have got so sore about it that the men up top decided that something must be done. They have installed a series of infra-red heaters overhead, warming up a thirty-foot-long stretch.

"Our aim," says a spokesman for the railroad, "is to establish perpetual springtime in Jamaica." This sounds fine, but there is a catch, and a rather serious one. We all know what happens to a season-ticket holder in the springtime. The sap rises in his veins and he feels vague stirrings. He twines wild flowers in his hair and does spring dances, and before he knows where he is he is chasing female passengers all over the place, blowing lascivious music on his pan pipes. "Change for the worse at Jamaica" would seem to sum up the situation, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will not neglect to station a strong body of railway police along the thirty-foot stretch.

The police of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are spreading a dragnet for a night club entertainer who recently skipped out of town leaving a lot of unpaid bills. They say they are confident of making an arrest, and one does feel that their prospects are bright. The fugitive has green hair, green fingernails, and green toenails, and he plays the piano with his feet. Of course, he may baffle them for a while by not playing the piano, but they should get him in the end.

Gosh! Seen This?

"NEWMAN Visits Orient." I've been trying to guess
What this means in the Stop Press.

Cardinals, billiards-players come to mind,
Then I realize I'm years behind,
And neither, in any case, was ever very orientally inclined.

Awful to be so much
Out of touch,
When others, scanning their back pages,
Have been more excited by this news than by anything else for ages.

It may have puzzled me,
But it tells everyone else that a footballer from one club is calling on another to
discuss a what-you-may-call-it—transfer fee.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

The Gentle Commandos

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

THE paramount lesson to be learned from the third National Camping and Outdoor Life Exhibition is that outdoor life is cosier indoors.

If anybody ever gives you the choice between camping in the Malayan jungle, say, which is a lot less fashionable than it used to be, but it's still there, or on a polar ice-cap, or in the Lake District, accept gratefully, go on and camp, but only on condition that you do so in the Empire Hall, Olympia.

The people who run the place provide excellent camping facilities on facsimile sites for roughing it smoothly. One can simulate getting off the beaten track without actually getting off the route of the No. 9 bus.

You don't have to take my word that conditions are especially clement at Olympia; you can have the word of experienced campers who have spent the past week there—members of the Parachute Regiment, the Scots Guards, the Royal Marines, the Boy Scouts.

On the morning I visited the exhibition there were umbrellas and handkerchiefs in the streets and the expressions

on the pale grey faces of pedestrians looked like threats to emigrate to Australia. The weather was not quite as beastly as it had been in most of the United Kingdom throughout last camping season, of course, but it was beastly enough for ordinary January conversational purposes. It was a relief to get out of the real outdoors and into the ideal indoor-outdoor life fondly imagined by so many of the 54,000 romantics who belong to the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, which sponsors the annual exhibition.

There was a veritable garden suburb of tents, each more elaborate and more colourful than the last, and, one gathered from the illustrations in the catalogue, almost all equipped with friendly young women in brief shorts. The tents were so sumptuously furnished that if a camper could sit back in his rubber-padded chaise-longue, and keep his eyes fixed on a portable television set, he might easily be able to imagine himself not camping at all but resting snugly at home.

There was a brightly illuminated, electrically heated aquarium in which

human specimens could be seen trying out Normalair "underwater breathing sets." Suitably dressed visitors were allowed to disport themselves in this manner secure in the knowledge that here was skin-diving without any of the surprises or hazards of the sea; but, as I had failed to take my swimming costume and towel to the office that day, I was unable to take advantage of Normalair's offer.

In Anglers' Corner there was a blue plastic lake, sixty feet long and twenty-one feet wide, for demonstrations of fly-casting; and, perhaps particularly for the benefit of those of Britain's 3,500,000 anglers who may not have seen many fish, except on the marble slabs of fishmongers' shops, there were plenty of carp, roach, rudd, gudgeon, tench, perch, chub, dace, bream, trout and pike swimming in glass tanks.

The amphibious vehicles, the collapsible shelters, the inflatable sleeping bags and the mobile kitchens confirmed an observation made by Lt.-Gen. Sir Ian H. Riches, K.C.B., D.S.O., the Commandant General of the Royal Marines, declaring the exhibition



open. He said that Britons forty years ago had customarily ventured into the countryside with as little as a tent and a bicycle, but camping methods had been developed extensively in recent years. He welcomed the exhibition as a sign of increasing interest in outdoor life.

But the exhibition did not suggest growth of interest in the outdoors *qua* outdoors so much as in getting bits of the outdoors under cover and under control. No exhibits exemplified this new trend more revealingly than the Marines' and the Army's own.

Life-size dummies in parkas and tinted goggles represented the Marines who undergo strenuous "cold weather warfare" training in Scotland and Norway; but on opening day, at least, the photographers in that part of the hall concentrated on a blonde model smiling prettily as she crawled out of the Marines' plastic igloo. "Every igloo should have one," said a Marine commando. "Don't get too close," said another; "you'll get snow on your blues."

Several Marine cliff leaders, every hour on the hour, scaled a vertical cliff that rose eighty feet from the first floor to the roof of the building. They did their job very efficiently; but one wondered how well the cause of recruiting was being served by the spectacle of Marine commandos grappling with a painted canvas-and-wooden obstacle that looked like scenery for a pantomime. One wondered until one realized how well the imitation cliff harmonized with the Scots Guards' toy tundra and the Parachute Regiment's tiny make-believe jungle.

Perhaps there ought to be a new international military decoration, the Public Relations Star, awarded to servicemen of any nationality who succeed in making warfare seem absurd. If enough of the medals were fairly earned in enough countries it wouldn't matter if all of us civilians *did* rapidly become softer; it might be rather nice.

☆

"SHOP RAID."

Thieves broke into an outfitter's shop in Salisbury and stole pants, vests, socks, handkerchiefs, and shirts . . . all with a 15½ in. collar."—*Daily Mail*

Quieter than a brick.

Entente Each Way

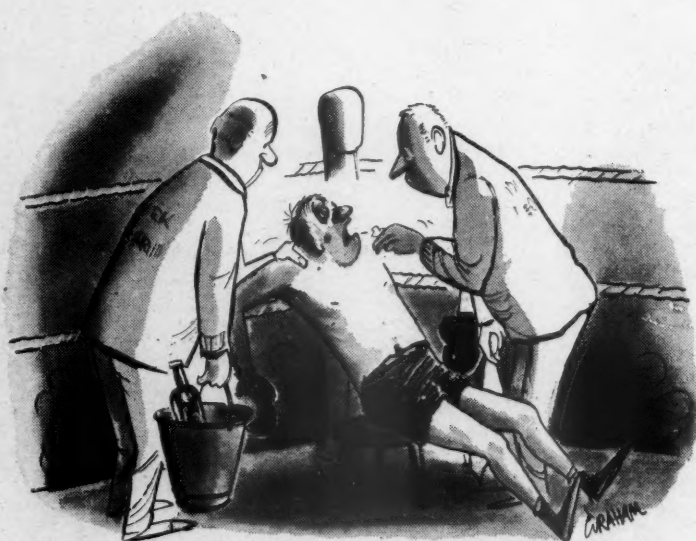
By CATHERINE DRINKWATER

WITH the coming into force of the Betting and Gaming Act yet another illogical part of our national way of life has been smoothed into uniformity. Myself, I can't see that the situation called for anything as drastic as an Act. Granted the bookmaker's office I worked in may have been unique, but it was a fine example of the harmony a little tolerance can achieve.

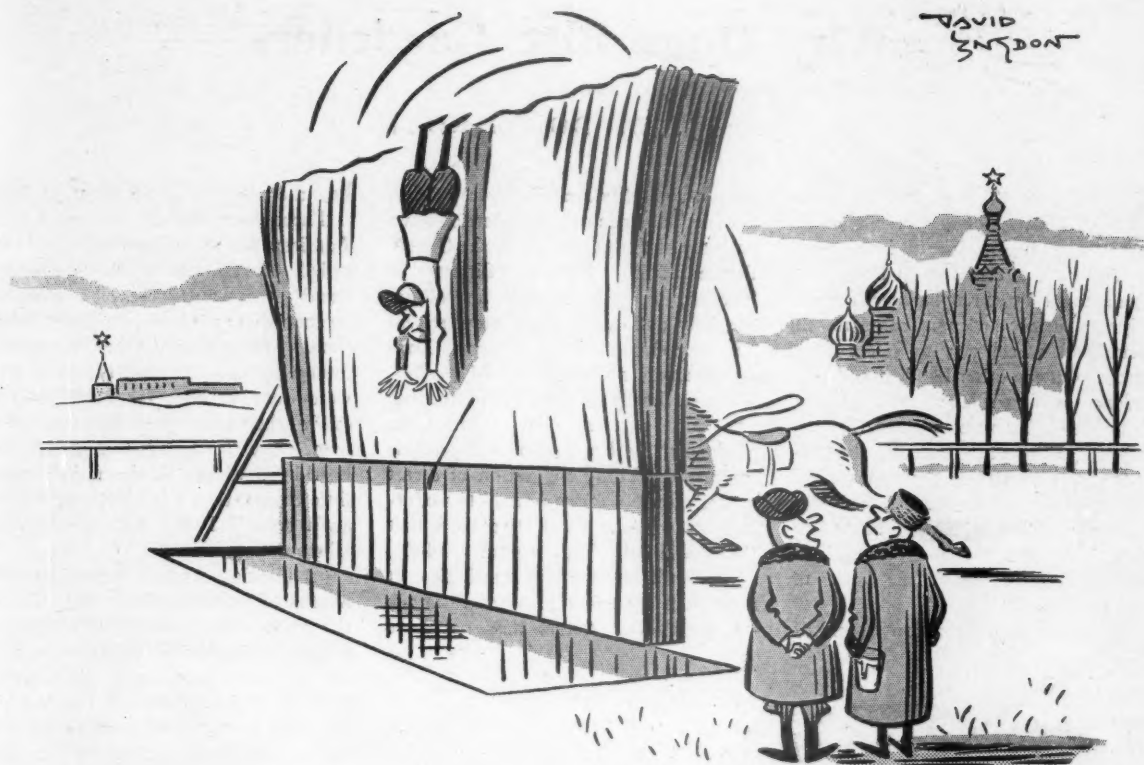
There were nine of us in the office. Larboard the bookie—apprenticed as a humble larboard watch in the days when a runner literally had to—three settlers, four runners and me. Larboard was a kindly man with eight tweed suits and an Aston Martin. He asked little of life beyond half a pound of mussels and a bottle of stout but in a mad misguided moment he had married and the iron had entered into his soul. The trouble was her family never stopped doing things—acting, swimming, fencing, the lot. They didn't take up hobbies; they annihilated them. All his married life Larboard had been licking the passe-partout for their diplomas, with never

an honorary mention to his name. The only field he led in was press cuttings, and the medal-bound brigade took a very frosty view of those. They kept adding up the cost of his fines, estimating his probable loss in takings and urging him to fit out the runners with barrows and get into something steady like fruit.

In fact a conviction didn't cost Larboard nearly as much as it might have, because our station sergeant had been anticipating legalized betting as best he could for years. He was obliged to pick up our runners, but he always gave us fair warning. This was essential, for if our own runners appeared in court with their list of convictions they got a thirty pounds fine on sight, and lost the day's takings. Moreover betting slips were confiscated on arrest and clients turned peevish at losing their money before the horse had put its hoof outside the paddock. So when the sergeant dropped the word that at a certain time and place a runner was due for a pick up we sent out for a stooge. Anyone over eighteen



"I'm beginning to agree with Edith Summerskill."



"Oddly enough their R.S.P.C.A. objects, but not their Royal Humane Society."

with a clear record that he didn't mind smirching a trifle was eligible. He got two pounds down and three more after leaving the court. His only duties were to write out a pocketful of betting slips, take two bags of small change and wait for arrest. This method cut Larboard's losses to the minimum and our relations with the force were a smooth-flowing cycle of courtesy and consideration.

Not so the magistrates. There was one who seemed bent on breaking Larboard through either the courts or the course. After slapping a fifteen pounds fine on a stooge with a spotless record he would ring up and put another fifteen on a rank outsider that would promptly steam home by a nostril just for him. To that man a fancy for a horse was like gilt-edged stock. He could have backed a three-legged goat as a cert for the Derby.

We had clients who preferred to forgo eating rather than betting. The street betters were realistic because they parted with their hard cash on the spot

and what they didn't have they couldn't lose; but those with accounts kept on trying desperately to break their luck, and if there's one thing working in a bookies' office has taught me it's a firm disbelief in the law of averages. The men usually took some account of form but the women went berserk. They would bet on their horoscope, the colour of the horse's fetlocks, the horse placed third on the race card, bald jockeys, royal owners, or even anything I myself fancied. This was a sure sign that they were turning into Carey Street. Unable to bear their own luck any longer they wanted to cash in on somebody else's. Once in sheer desperation at the sobs on the line I gave Fur Baby simply because it made me think of my dog. It came in at twenty to one and for weeks they were circling the office like vultures, demanding the lady who gave out the tips.

Larboard and the runners bet very little. But the sergeant had a weakness for a one cross two bet on which he

placed a modest sum whenever the fancy took him. As a member of the force it was hardly seemly to open an account so he sent in his slips through various channels under the name of Nimrod, and if he won, as he frequently did, no one begrudged it less than Larboard. As I said, there was a harmony between them that only years of working together can achieve. Yet there was respect on either side. Larboard knew just how far he could go with impunity. Illogical it may have been, but workable, though maybe not outside Britain.

☆

"Monks of the Franciscan priory at Palmerston North fear that a proposed path round the Centennial Lagoon would destroy their privacy.

The priory joined a deputation to the city council when it was asserted that a path on the eastern side of the lagoon would present an opportunity for immortality."

New Zealand Herald

Oh, but surely—?

Why Dogs Bite Gardeners

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

YOU mustn't think I'm not sorry for Lady Astor of Hever, because I am. It's no joke to break your foot and have to crawl about the estate, accompanied by three barking French whippets, until gardeners come to the rescue and wheel you to safety in a barrow. On the other hand, if you're a gardener loading a lady into a barrow, it's no joke to be bitten by three French whippets "apparently thinking the gardeners were abducting their mistress." Lord Astor, even, was moved to comment: "It was hard luck to be bitten . . . but the men seemed to understand. We hadn't the heart to scold the dogs."

My source of information is one of

the more nobility-fancying Press gossips, and as this particular piece carried news not only of the Astors but of the Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Birgitta of Sweden, Prince Johan of Hohenzollern, Sir Guy and Lady Shaw-Stewart, Sir Timothy Eden, Lord Downe, Lord Combermere and the Earl of Leicester, it was obviously impossible to introduce any sort of statement from mere gardeners. As Lord Astor said—avoiding any degrading suggestion of direct spokespersonship—they seemed to understand. The point I want to make is that the dogs didn't. They barked for help, and when help came they attacked it. It now gives me great pleasure to attack the dogs. The Astors may not have

had the heart to scold them. I have.

These dogs, like all dogs, were fools. Admirers of the canine intelligence, so-called, tweedy folk of the "he-understands-every-word-we-say" school, will be shocked to read this. And not before time. "How lucky," they have been saying to each other, "that the dogs were there to bark for help. And of course when those great rough gardener men came stamping round in their horrid gaiters they bit them. Why, poor little things, they must have been in an awful state." I don't take this view. I take one or two others.

(a) The dogs weren't barking for help at all. They were just barking. This is the average dog's contribution to any already exasperating situation, and is one of many pointers to the essential dimness of the species. If the dog had any whit of the intelligence ascribed to him he would know that, for instance, any domestic crisis involving, say, dropped crockery or a bird catching fire on removal from the oven, would be a good time to get out of sight under the table and stay there. How many dogs have the intelligence to see this? Instead, they go into fits of yelping hysterics, showing the whites of their eyes and plunging into the storm-centre, where they trip people up and get their feet wedged in the vegetable-rack. Lady Astor's dogs were instinctively making a confounded nuisance of themselves. Either they resented her being on all fours, trying to get into their act, or they felt intuitively that she was in trouble, and that a concerted bout of shrill barking would stand a good chance of making things more difficult than they were already. Intelligence didn't come into it.

(b) Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that it did. Supposing they worked this thing out rationally.

1ST FRENCH WHIPPET: (*in French, but never mind*) Look, chaps, Mistress has fallen down.

2ND F.W.: How come? I wasn't watching.

3RD F.W.: Tripped, I think. What's she saying?

1ST F.W.: Sounds like, "Oo, my foot."



"What on earth are you doing dear? Today's Sunday."

She's starting to crawl. Ought we to get help?

2ND F.W.: Pardon? Sorry, interesting smell here. Well, she won't get far at that rate. What about a good bark? Might fetch the gardeners.

3RD F.W.: Not a bad idea. All set then?

All: Row-row! Row-row-row! Row-row-row-row! Row-row-row! (Etc.)

How's that for a reconstruction, dog-lovers? Chime in with your theories all right, does it? Good. Then let's move forward in time about ten minutes. Dimly, above the canine S.O.S., feet are heard approaching through the undergrowth.

All F.W.s: (as before) Row-row! Row-row-row-row! (Etc.)

1ST F.W.: Here come the gardeners, chaps.

2ND F.W.: They've spotted her.

3RD F.W.: They're lifting her up. Row-row-row!

1ST F.W.: Row-row!

2ND F.W.: They've fetched a barrow. Row-row-row!

3RD F.W.: Ready boys? They're putting her into it. Stand by to bite gardeners.

1ST F.W.: Bags I first. Grrr-rrr-rr!

All: Grrr!

They sink teeth into gardeners' calves, ankles, wrists, etc.

Of course, I realize I haven't a chance of swaying dog-lovers. They'll soon find a way to explain and defend this sudden lapse from rational Good Samaritan into berserk fangster. One of the gardeners, no doubt, was wearing a jumble-sale hat, formerly the property of a Russian agent. Or the dogs had been following the Lady Chatterley case, and feared the worst as soon as they saw a coarse hand laid on their stricken mistress.

Well, I'm sorry. I've nothing against dogs, any more than I've anything against the Astors. I just want to explode the intelligence myth, that's all. I've even got a dog of my own. His name's Spot, and you only have to mention a word that rhymes with it, such as clot or guillemot, and he's up from the hearthrug trying to get an imaginary biscuit out of the hand you're holding your glass in. Other indications of his having no sense whatsoever include seeing off the goldfish, thinking it's bedtime and cringing into his kennel in mid-afternoon when all you've suggested is a strategic walk round the garden, trying to go upstairs when two men are coming down

THEN AS NOW

H. M. Brock drew for Punch from 1905 to 1940, and died only last year.



Polite but persistent Customer (to stranger at clearance sale). "WHICH HALF DO YOU PREFER?"
January 6 1926

with a wardrobe, jumping up for twenty minutes at a tennis-ball on a string plainly two feet out of range, not being able to find a bit of cheeserind he's standing with his foot on, and barking his head off every night at six when I come home, still not knowing my footsteps from a Broadmoor fugitive's

after seven years of hearing them every night at six.

Dogs are fools, but at least I know it. When mine finds me crawling home on all fours with a broken foot it won't surprise me at all if he sinks his teeth in the rescue party. The real surprise will be if he doesn't sink them in me.



I Wished the Floor Would Open

ARRIVED Paddington hollow-eyed, exhausted, after journey from heel of Italy. Dropped small change and ticket at barrier. Courteous youth leapt to rescue. Brain in torpor gave profuse thanks, in Italian—during past eighteen months English spoken only while talking to self. Embarrassed beyond words, attempted escape. Youth enchanted, self and luggage whisked to empty compartment. Much pantomime, painstaking "English for foreigners" as to ventilation, heating preferences etc. Realized with horror bound for same destination, three hours nonstop. Youth gazed ardently, deep into eyes. Obvious penchant for female Italians, freely admitted seeing *Bitter Rice* three times,

Rose Tattoo four. Seemed to expect big things from three hours nonstop. Unable to face explanation so plunged into semblance of conversation, cross between Yvonne Arnaud, Harpo Marx. Semi-conscious with effort by Reading. Youth diagnosed acute home-sickness, attempted to counter with spirited renderings *O Sole Mio*, *Volare*, *Mambo Italiano*. Felt sanity in balance so left train first stop, Newport, gave youth deep gratitude, fictitious address and caught next bus Cardiff. Following week called into local shop for small brown loaf, heard horribly familiar tenor floating from rear of biscuit tins, remembered shop recently changed hands, attempted escape, too late. —C.D.



Full Steel Ahead

THE most cheerful and confident send-off for the New Year has come from the leaders of the steel industry and the sages of Steel House. They may be denationalized but they are great planners—as indeed they must be in an industry where what is produced four years hence has to be decided to-day. Their plans for the coming four years are full of buoyant optimism.

The industry proposes to spend £150 million on its development schemes this year. That is £20 million more than was spent in 1960. Between now and the end of 1964 this capital expenditure will have reached “at least £450 million.” The result will be to raise steel-making capacity in this country from the present figure of just under 26 million tons to 34 million tons.

This is a rate of expansion faster than anything contemplated on the continent of Europe. It also outstrips that of the American industry, which is still limping along producing at about 50 per cent of capacity—and surprisingly making very fair profits.

The news from the British steel industry may be a sign of abounding confidence in the distant future. It is not necessarily a message of good immediate cheer to the shareholders in steel companies. They will have to find a great deal of this £450 million. For the most part they will do so quite painlessly, by the process of “ploughing back” into the business profits that might otherwise have been distributed in dividends. But in addition they will contribute in a somewhat more recognizable form by being called upon to take up new issues of ordinary shares as “rights”—but rights which have to be claimed by putting up cash.

Fortunately for the steel shareholder the Government is bearing a part of the burden of this financing. The relatively cheap loans with which it is helping the erection of new strip mills in South Wales by Richard Thomas & Baldwins, and in Scotland by Colvilles, will make up nearly one-third of the

£150 million that will have to be raised by the industry this year.

These ambitious plans may send short-term shivers down steel investors' spines, but there can be no denying their message of cheer and confidence for the longer term. When the industry is producing around 34 million tons in 1964 its bigger units and, in particular, Steel Company of Wales, Colvilles, Dorman Long, Stewarts & Lloyds and United Steel should be making considerably larger profits than are being earned to-day. By that time, too, the industry may be less dependent on its own retained profits for financing further development.

To the investor who is prepared to “buy and forget” in the knowledge that he is getting a reasonable return on his money, the shares of these companies can be recommended. That is also the collective view of the market, for there has been no mistaking the strength of the buying of steel shares since the turn of the year.



In the Country

Hérons

WHATEVER one's views about the increasing birth rate, there is only one member of the stork family in this country. It is the heron. And the reason for the somewhat unconventional habit of usually nesting in trees is due to the continual persecution with which herons have had to contend.

In the days of Charles I roast heron was the meat of the day, and having a heronry on property automatically increased its value. Thank goodness we have seen the end of those times and the period when falconers looked upon herons as a prized quarry.

But you cannot please everybody all the time. The innumerable anglers of the country are convinced that herons steal too many fish, in spite of the fact that they certainly account for large numbers of voles, mice, and shrews. Anyway, I have an argument in support of herons. I believe that they may take some young trout, but by doing so give the others a chance to grow.

A foretaste of things to come is provided by Mr. Chetwynd Talbot, the chairman and managing director of South Durham Steel, in the address to shareholders which he is to make on January 31. His company made record profits last year. A measure of its efficiency is the fact that in steel pipes, in the construction of which it specializes, it can considerably underbid in Canada the three plants which have been set up in that country. South Durham is in full spate of expansion and bears some of the responsibility for the large capital expenditure figures for the industry as a whole. Major new works are approaching completion and are doing so twelve months ahead of schedule.

The constructors of steelworks, including such firms as Simon Engineering, Head Wrightson and Wellman Smith, are going to have very full order books for some time to come and their shares have much to commend them.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

Why is a heron such a successful fisherman? Some people are convinced that it attracts fish by wriggling its toes. They are supposed either to look like worms and so lure the fish, or merely to stir up the mud to camouflage the heron.

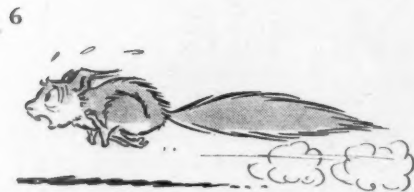
On the other hand it was often thought (and still is in places) that herons' legs had magical properties for attracting fish. So anglers put them in their pockets, or made from them a wonderful concoction of grease, known as *Unguentum Piscatorium Mirabile*.

And, talking of feet, there are still plenty of people who think that a heron's nest has two holes in it—so that the sitting bird does not get cramped, but can dangle its legs out of the nest.

But don't be deceived by herons. They may look slow, ungainly birds. But for all that they fly at a steady 30 m.p.h., even though they may make no more than one hundred and twenty wing beats a minute—much the same as the Army's marching pace.

Hérons are very conservative. Because they are not harried by death duties and other worries of our world, there is one heronry at Chilham in Kent which has been occupied continuously since 1293. And many of the other two hundred and fifty or so heronries have been going for a few centuries.

They believe in keeping their numbers about the same, year in and year out. Just short of four thousand nests is the current figure. If there is a hard winter numbers will drop temporarily, but they soon pick up again. — JOHN GASELEE



HARGREAVES.



AT THE PLAY

The Lion in Love (ROYAL COURT THEATRE)

I THOUGHT *A Taste of Honey* greatly overpraised, yet it made a splash of which any young playwright might have been proud. It was without shape, but it had vitality and the dialogue was fresh and racy. Shelagh Delaney has one's sympathy in trying to follow so big a success with a second play; she gives the impression of having courage in plenty. But where *A Taste of Honey* was written in the first flush of enthusiasm, *The Lion in Love* suggests that Miss Delaney is now conscious of the difficulties of play construction, though as yet no nearer to solving them. The spark of exuberant confidence that distinguished the first play is missing.

The graph of tension goes gently up and down, endlessly, like the Quantocks, with no one-in-four ascent to mark the climax; one felt this pattern could easily

go on for ever. The play is a long series of sordid squabbles between a father, a hard-pressed huckster, and his boozing, feckless wife, and between their children and neighbours, with grandpapa, a nostalgic old sweat of the First War with verbal diarrhoea, acting as a chorus.

The scene is a manufacturing town in the north, whose horrors are grimly rubbed in by Una Collins's set. There is a young daughter, played very well by Patricia Healey, who picks up an awful boy from Glasgow who talks bastard American and seems on the edge of a jiver's breakdown, and a very smooth son who comes home mysteriously loaded with money and whom I confidently expected to be arrested for something exciting. He merely goes to Australia, with my blessing; and his sister, who I thought was bound to have a baby in record time, simply goes on walking out with the Glaswegian. Papa, who should have got away much earlier, very nearly leaves home with an

adoring neighbour, but domestic hell has so softened him that he stays to continue his cat-and-dog life indefinitely. These, although dreary, are perfectly valid slices of life; the trouble is that Miss Delaney has no constructive comment to make on them. Simple philosophy verging on sentimental platitude is not enough to hold our interest. And although sometimes she has something good to say, her dialogue is fatally dragged down by lines such as "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns."

Diana Coupland is good as the staunch woman next-door, Patricia Burke and Garfield Morgan are doughty backyard scrappers, and Kenneth Cope as the son suggests a great capacity for shady practice. Clive Barker's production is not very successful in achieving a consistent accent.

I hope Miss Delaney will not be discouraged. She has a talent too good to be wasted, and if she fights on she will discover in time how to make her people dramatic.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Caretaker (Duchess—11/5/60), great acting in a fine modern play.
Chin-Chin (Wyndham's—9/11/60), a fresh idea from Paris.
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace—4/1/61), undiminished Crazy Gang.
—ERIC KEOWN

REP. SELECTION

Colchester Rep., *The Boy Friend*, until January 21
Little, Bristol, *The Pride of the Regiment*, until January 21
Perth Rep., *The Grass is Greener*, until January 14
Oldham Rep., *The Life of Kags*, until January 14

ON THE AIR

Bringing in the Listeners

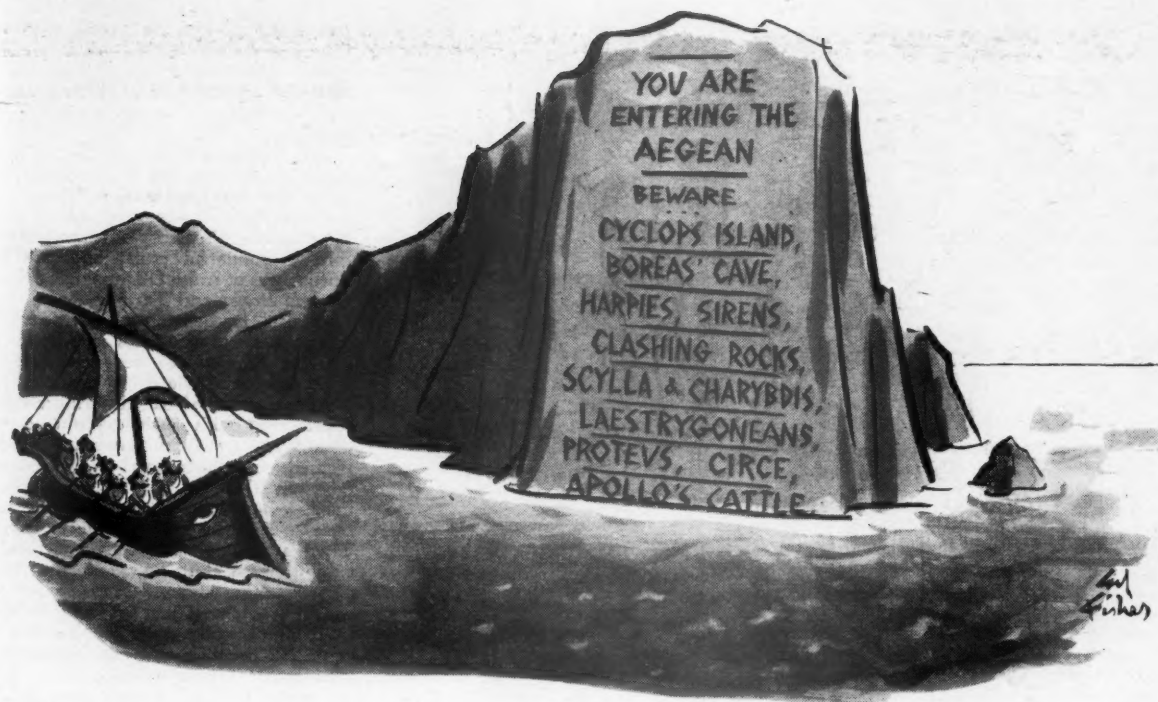
"I DON'T want the B.B.C. to descend to popularity," said a speaker on *In the South East*, discussing what was wrong with *In the South East*. Sad to say he was using words with considerable precision: the B.B.C. Audience



Peg—PATRICIA HEALEY

Frank—GARFIELD MORGAN

[*The Lion in Love*]



Research Department do not have any exact figures on what makes listeners switch off, but are quite certain that it is anything that demands the least mental effort—the more the thought the fewer the listeners. What makes them switch on is anything that happens on Sunday afternoon (*Family Favourites*, *The Billy Cotton Band Show*) and boxing. Boxing is the only thing that will draw viewers away from their sets in large enough numbers to show up on the Audience Research charts. As more and more houses contain a TV set now, and the inhabitants tend to look at the thing, the outlook for sound broadcasting is poor—so poor that they have started reassuring each other at Portland Place. “Of course there will always be an audience for Sound,” they say.

What is to be done? Education? Every night *Roundabout* on the Light bravely sugars one pill of thought with a coating of pop music and light waffle, but who actually listens to it? According to the Audience Research people less than a third of the regular Light Programme listeners are anything more than “a bit choosy.” For many of them it must be no more than a wash of sound to keep the silence out.

Attraction then? But obviously the existing programmes are as attractive as the broadcasters know how to make them, short of “descending to popularity.”

That leaves advertising, advertising on the commercial telly—an ideal medium, as anyone listening to it would not demonstrably, at that moment, be

listening to the radio. The ads could preach to the unconverted. Each programme would have its own commercials, which, because of the B.B.C.’s notorious honesty, would attempt to portray the actual nature of the product advertised, and not some idealized mish-mash which turns every woman beautiful overnight. The Light Programme would be the easiest:

SCENE: *an aseptic living-room, flooded with light from standard lamps; budgie; gas-fire; contemporary settee. Enter from kitchen (glimpse of gadgets) gay, blonde housewife (35).*

“Now I’ve cooked Dad’s tea I can relax and listen to the Light Programme (Sings): I like the Light

Cos the Light is bright

And the Light is right

For me!

(Stops singing) Yes, I do like the Light. So would you. Why don’t you try it (pause for hint of excitement) . . . now?”

The Third Programme wouldn’t be too difficult either. No, not a youth with a beard. The audience for Network Three and the Third is apparently very short on young and old listeners, and women don’t much like the stuff either. I see a couple of middle-aged men, one with dog on lead, one with *Observer* tucked under arm, walking through foggy park:

A: “So that’s how they treat their great-aunts in New Guinea! Jolly interesting! I say, what a mine of information you are. How do you learn all this stuff?”

B: “Oh, I listen to the Third most evenings. Full of good things. Suits me very well. Excellent plays too.”

A: “Sounds as if it would suit me. I must try it.”

They recede into the fog.

(The bit about plays is important. The only programmes that pull the regular Home Service listeners over to the Third are plays.) That leaves the Home, which is much harder: nobody is a typical Home Service listener, because there the programmes vary so wildly between the extremes of Light and Third. Probably the answer is a jolly little cartoon mannikin, Mr. Home, who would come prancing on and say “Worried? about Laos (*Looks worried*). Like some good music? (*Plonks clavichord*). Want a good laugh? (*Laughs loudly, but not of course vulgarly*). Then switch to the Home. Switch Now!”

I don’t suppose it would work. Perhaps the only thing that would is a fuzzy picture accompanied by an insinuating voice saying “Eyes tired? Headache? Then listen to Sound for a while. Sound is so Soo-othing.”

— PETER DICKINSON

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

“Punch in the Theatre.” Rotherham
—Civic Theatre; Chesterfield—Civic Theatre.



"This is gonna be the highest yet, General."

IN THE GROOVE

The Revival of Dinah

SOME people shrink away from jazz records with vocals as though the human voice interrupted the music and were not, in fact, the original, essential musical instrument. It isn't the voice that gets in the way of the music; the words sometimes get in the way of the voice. The great jazz singers have somehow succeeded in expressing basic emotions in spite of banal lyrics, which in themselves are usually no more expressive than stage directions, and are often downright irritating.

No other jazz performances have been as uneven as the vocalists', partly, perhaps, because singing has often been treated as an incidental joke, a secondary function of pianists, trumpet players and drummers and of women whose main business has been to give the customers something to look at during the noise.

But there have been some notable exceptional women vocalists; everyone who enjoys jazz could compose his own list. Leaving the gospel singers out of it, such a list might well include Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Mildred Bailey, Peggy Lee, June Christy, Anita O'Day, Ethel Ennis, and even, mainly for laughs, Rose Murphy and Nellie Lutch. One of the names that certainly wouldn't have leapt to my mind during the past dozen years or more was Dinah Shore.

Early in the 1940s Miss Shore achieved a bright reputation in the United States with the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, a radio network band that gently enlivened some tiring New Orleans classics and was criticized as heretical by some of the stricter traditionalists among their listeners. The trouble was that she became too popular and she was soon fed to the ravening juke boxes. But now she has suddenly reasserted herself with a remarkably pleasant, smoothly swinging, candidly commercial record called *Dinah Sings Some Blues With Red* (Capitol T-1354). The "Red" is Red Norvo, who plays the vibraphone with a velvet touch, in a sweet but potent style that is to the effervescent brilliance of Lionel Hampton as Château d'Yquem is to Champagne. On this record Norvo is backed by piano, drums, bass, guitar, trumpet (sometimes four trumpets, muted), alto saxophone and flute. I must admit that I got the record to hear him and was surprised to find, after all these years, how much I again admired her.

Miss Shore's voice is still warm and round, and her slight vibrato breaks down into a tremulous quaver and finally into an embarrassing wobble only when she is forced by the arrangements to undertake unnatural strains, most painfully in the last chorus of *Lover, Come Back To Me*. That's the worst there is to say. When she's nice, she's very, very nice. I especially liked *Who, Lucky in Love, It's All Right With Me*

and *Skylark*—nothing to do with the blues, of course, but LP titles are like that. The accompaniments are highly arranged expensive-cocktail-bar music—which sounds like a sneer, but really isn't.

After listening to a lot of Dinah Shore it was interesting, not to say refreshing, to compare her simple romanticism with the complex passionate anguish of Billie Holiday (there's plenty of it available on HMV, wonderful stuff) and the hip skittishness of Anita O'Day singing *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Tea For Two* (HMV 45-POP-821), the latter at a frantic tempo that makes one wonder what sort of tea it was; both sides are recommended without reservations.

Admirers of the hard, glittering mobiles constructed with such determined individuality by Stan Kenton may be pleased by *Standards in Silhouette* (Capital T-1394). A big, big band, making big, big sounds, in what was once a daringly experimental manner. There's some technically spectacular exhibitionism, but now and then one gets the feeling one sometimes experiences watching a circus juggler doing something fantastically difficult: the skill is admirable intellectually, but when the man finally stops one couldn't care less.

Jimmy Giuffre wrote the tightly elastic arrangements for Lee Konitz's new record, *You and Lee* (HMV-CLP-1406), which bounces up and down, beautifully under control, giving an impression of vitality and motion without actually getting anywhere. *Out of This World* is particularly well done—stimulating but not disturbing, restless but not neurotic; the same cannot be said of Giuffre's many imitators, who seem to infest California as teemingly as purveyors of Vedanta.

Oscar Peterson has, momentarily at least, joined the cult of "swinging brass." This sort of metallic superstructure is being imposed overwhelmingly on some of the most delicate of combos that usually play small. But in this case—*Swinging Brass With The Oscar Peterson Trio* (HMV-CLP-1403)—it can be reported with admiration and gratitude that the nuclear trio comes through the ordeal splendidly. Russell Garcia's score allows the great pianist to move about in vast, resounding brazen caverns. The over-all effect is quite O.K.

—PATRICK SKENE CATLING

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of *Punch* contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for July to December, 1960, may be obtained free on application to the Circulation Manager, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need not apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

BOOKING OFFICE

SOLDIERS TWO

By B. A. YOUNG

Amiable Renegade: the Memoirs of Captain Peter Drake, 1671-1753. Stanford University Press (London: Oxford University Press), 45/-

The Ordeal of Captain Roeder. Trans. and edited Helen Roeder. Methuen, 25/-

PETER DRAKE was not a captain; he was a gentleman-ranker out on the spree, an Irish Catholic of good family who fled to France after the siege of Limerick, when he was nineteen, and served in the armies of England, Holland, Spain and France as advantage dictated. He was not amiable either, though he was a renegade all right. He never failed to quit a regiment, whether by discharge or desertion, when it suited him, no matter what his obligations to its officers—and they were often considerable—or its present need of him. During the single year 1701, for instance, he joined and deserted a Dutch regiment, joined two English regiments simultaneously and deserted both, and finally enlisted in a regiment of the Spanish Netherlands.

(It is true that loyalties were rather less binding in those times; Marlborough's great Imperial colleague Prince Eugene was after all a Frenchman; and at the Battle of Almanza in 1707 the British were commanded by a French Marquis and the French by a British Duke.)

In a French regiment to which he transferred, Drake fought at the Battle of Ramillies (where the French "acquitted themselves shamefully, and fled, with great precipitation, like frightened sheep"). Shortly after, learning that his commanding officer was about to change sides, he procured his discharge and went on board a French privateer as second lieutenant. He was captured at his first engagement, imprisoned in the Marshalsea, tried for high treason, sentenced to death, reprieved and pardoned. This enabled him to rejoin the French in time for the Battle of Malplaquet, in which he received seven wounds. Almost as soon as he had recovered from them, he made his way to the Duke of Marlborough's headquarters and enlisted in the English Army.

There was little more fighting for him, however, and in 1710 he left the Army and became in turn a coffee-house keeper, a publican and part-conductor of gambling houses. He also took a varied assortment of mistresses. In his old age he returned to Ireland and lived on the generosity of various noble friends, his own family not caring about him much.

Drake wrote his memoirs when he was in his eighties, and their Defoe-like vigour and lucidity (slightly tidied up at Stanford) and astonishing reliability for facts are truly remarkable. The publishers are indeed to be congratulated on rescuing this rousing book from limbo.

Captain Roeder was a very different kind of soldier, a professional officer in the Hessian Lifeguards. He was cultured, practical, sardonic and bad-tempered, and a diarist of ultra-Boswellian volubility. His journal, somewhat too lavishly and too fancifully annotated by its writer's great-great-granddaughter, covers the year 1812 and the first half of 1813. We are at

once shown Captain Roeder's eccentric practicality in his hasty pre-campaign marriage, made for the benefit of the children of a former union: he coaxed his fiancée from her box at the opera and married her during the interval.

But the main part of the narrative deals with his regiment's advance into Russia under Napoleon and the subsequent retreat. The appalling sufferings of the invaders, cold, hungry, ill, inadequately equipped and, at the end, harassed by Cossack patrols, stab at one almost unbearably from the pages of that miraculously maintained journal. It was fortunate not only for his family but for history that Captain Roeder was among the forty-four men of the 1500-odd Hessian Lifeguards who marched out from Rostock in June, 1812, and survived that dreadful campaign.

NEW FICTION

The Mansion. William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus, 21/-

A Bad Steak. Brian Glanville. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

A Breath of Fresh Air. F. C. Ball. Faber, 18/-

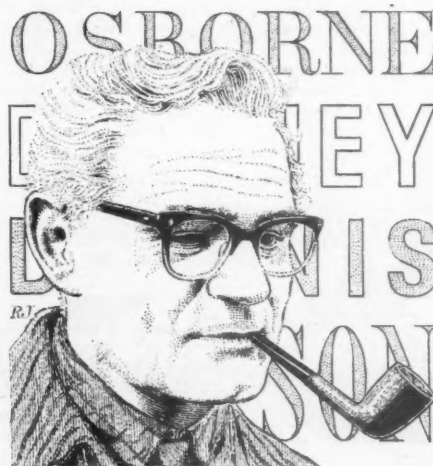
Back to Life. Jonathan Wade. Collins, 15/-

The Mansion is the third of the trilogy about the Snopes family which began with *The Hamlet* and continued with *The Town*; but there are constant echoes from the other Yoknapatawpha County novels back as far as *Sartoris*. One paragraph even summarizes the plot of *The Sound and the Fury*. If the strangeness and tension of Faulkner have gone with the years, so has irritation at his faults. It is too late to complain about the long, confused sentences, the slack writing, the wordiness and the obsessional recapitulation. He has earned some degree of immunity from the rigours and pedantries of minute criticism. One takes him, warts and all, like any other classic, content to enjoy and admire what he gives.

The centre of *The Mansion* is the conviction and imprisonment of Mink Snopes for shooting a man who had insulted him and his resentment against Flem Snopes, the family tycoon, for not "protecting" him. Interwoven with this very Southern drama are a number of narratives by various narrators. Some of these reveal new aspects of events described in earlier volumes; some are almost independent short stories. However unreadable individual passages may be, the book as a whole is tremendous entertainment; but whether it is more than entertainment I find it impossible to decide. Memories of the impact of the early novels make me give Faulkner the benefit of every doubt.

The other books this week are,

BEHIND THE SCENES



10—GEORGE DEVINE

Actor, producer and presiding genius at the Royal Court

almost inevitably, a bit pale compared to Faulkner. Mr. Brian Glanville's *A Bad Streak* is a collection of effective anecdotes, mainly about soccer or Italy or both. His world is, to his advantage, quite different from the family and literary cocktail party world of the usual short-story writer. His characters come sweating off the field with muddy knees or ride noisily about in the hot dust on motor-scooters. If the stories do not penetrate and remain under the skin to inflame thought, they make a quick, bright effect. They are more alive than many more pretentious essays in the *Art of the Short Story*. The only doubt they raise is whether Mr. Glanville, who has been hailed by Mr. Wain as the best living novelist under some age I forget, has not sacrificed too much to immediacy.

A Breath of Fresh Air is written as fiction and reads like autobiography, roughly in the *Cider with Rosie* tradition. It describes in lingering detail life in a gardener's cottage before and during World War I. I enjoyed it very much. Some of the left-wing sarcasm, described by the blurb as "pervasive and finely controlled irony" making for "many scenes of high comedy," is pretty heavy-handed. One hates to see vulnerable targets hit with eggs rather than arrows. However, the important thing about the book is its freshness and vividness.

Back to Life is an attempt to combine a thriller, a study of personal relationships and a series of scenes from a modern comedy. It is a failure; but I am all for new novelists trying too much and learning their craft by coming purloiners rather than playing for safety. The good bits are sufficient evidence that Mr. Wade is well worth encouraging. The bad bits and the messiness of the novel as a whole can be forgotten. The narrator, a moral weakling, glimpses his wife, who he thought had been killed in a plane crash, in Piccadilly Circus and begins to try to find what really happened at the accident. On the whole the bits that are routine in most thrillers are the bits that Mr. Wade does best; but, despite what his publishers say, he has not really written a thriller at all. He has been trying a rather complex

psychological novel which, in spite of its faults, kept me interested and sometimes admiring.

— R. G. G. PRICE

THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES

Nobel: a Biography. Nicholas Halasz. Hale, 18/-

The inventor of high explosives, who made a fortune from armaments but is best remembered through his endowments for world peace, was a Swede of Strindbergian eccentricity and gloom. His father, equally temperamental but less successful, made and lost fortunes against a cosmopolitan and erratic background: Nobel's only permanent devotion was to his mother, on whom he heaped wealth.

Mr. Halasz has compiled a rather tedious account of him in which his few and dismal amours have too much space, and in which his morbid, hypochondriac, side is emphasized. He could not even enjoy riches, but, when particularly depressed, invented a new explosive.

Yet Nobel was a genius, not responsible for the armaments race, and he tried to counteract the evils he foresaw. He dreaded popular hysteria and predicted Fascism: "a new tyranny," he wrote, "that of the dregs of the population, is looming up." He was shocked into his championship of peace by reading his own obituary, published by mistake, in which he figured purely as an armament tycoon. An odd, dynamic subject, but not easy reading.

— JOHN BOWLE

Massacre in the Sun. Jack Dempsey (with Bob Considine and Bill Slocum). Heinemann, 18/-

Jack Dempsey's parents were converts to Mormonism; his ancestry was part Jewish, part Cherokee and mainly Irish. When not actually fighting, he has been, among other things, a cowboy, a miner, a lumberjack, a film-star and a restaurant proprietor. He fought Carpentier for the world title and won, but lost it again to Gene Tunney; three times married, he has never succeeded in settling down, and no wonder: "Trying for a little privacy," he says, he and his second wife (Estelle Taylor) "rented a swell little house in the

hills of Hollywood." It hardly sounds as though he were trying very hard.

His story, "as told to" Messrs. Considine and Slocum, is very readable in its laconic, tough-guy style, and one would guess that it was not entirely ghosted; certainly it gives a vivid picture of a not-so-dumb ox with considerable charm who was obviously born to the fight-game and (*pace* Dr. Summerskill) enjoyed every minute of it.

— JOCELYN BROOKE

A Poacher's Tale. Told by A. T. Curtis. Related by Fred J. Speakman. Bell, 18/-

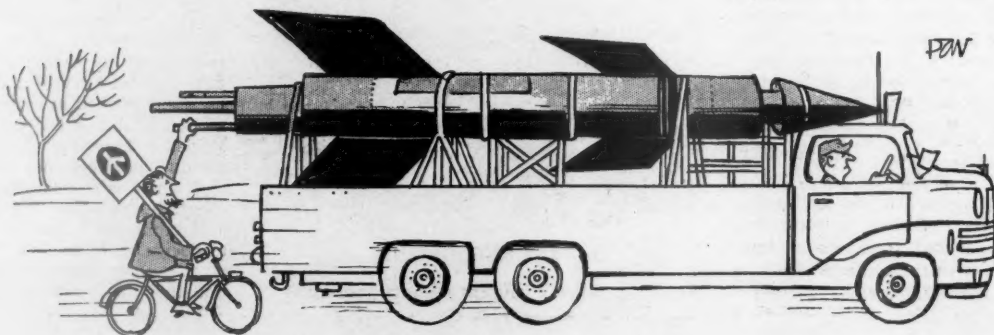
Mr. Curtis tells us how it feels to be a sweet-factory inventor and maker, a fishing-tackle inventor and maker, and several other unexpected things besides. After all, he has played many parts in his busy life. But despite his versatility he is above all a countryman: he was born of a line of poachers, he was himself a poacher, he married a poacher's daughter; and here, no doubt, are a good few tips for those who would learn the trade. Here is a book that does not play at rustic life like Marie Antoinette in her dairymaid days. This is not a book for the squeamish (there are some really grisly accounts of ratting); it is one of the most down-to-earth accounts of a country life that any of us has read for some time. It also has its moments of poetry: how could it not, when the author left school "because of the wild life that was in me?" How could it not, when "the wind was blowing the scent of green grass in my thoughts?"

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

EXOTIC CLIMES

Greece In My Life. Compton Mackenzie. Chatto and Windus, 25/-

The author believes that a mind properly guided in the direction of classical studies is the strongest force available to man, faced as he is to-day with a structure of existence terraced on advances in technology that perilously overbalance his wisdom. His own contacts with Greece—first in the pages of Kingsley's *Heroes*, then as a soldier in 1914 (and subsequent trial under the Official Secrets Act for writing openly



of the hypocrisy he felt was inherent in her treatment by the Powers) and finally with the B.B.C.'s Film Unit in 1958—come to fruition in this most readable and informative book. Informative, but tinged with Sir Compton's inimitable, not too purple, passages of description.

Ancient—or indeed any—history illuminated by a penetrating mind and warm understanding becomes a delight instead of a chore; more programmes like "The Glory that was Greece" (with commentary by Sir Compton Mackenzie) might pave the way towards deeper understanding of the problems facing us all to-day.

Better proof-reading would have decided whether the Temple of Poseidon on Cape Sounion is two hundred or two thousand feet above the sea.

— JOHN DURRANT

Galapagos. Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 25/-

Guessing better than they knew, the Spaniards, when they discovered the Galapagos in 1535, nicknamed them the Bewitched Isles. There, in cipher on thirteen volcanic pages, lay secrets of evolution which three hundred years later Darwin began to decode. Our author, a specialist in animal behaviour, takes us to these timeless, barren, man-despoiled places, and in the after-light of his sensitive observations offers us an all but complete interpretation of such symbols as the marine iguana, the flightless cormorant, the giant tortoises.

Magic springs from the commonplace. Compared with the albatross, the finch is hackneyed. Yet the significance of the differentiations in the shapes of their beaks gave Darwin one of the key clues to the origin of species. Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt, translating for us the cipher, at the same time binds on us that bewitchment which awed the Spaniard, and inspired the Englishman to accomplish one of the greatest feats of the human mind. The book is illustrated both in monochrome and colour in well-balanced proportion to the text.

— R. C. SCRIVEN

ARE YOU GOOD AT SUMS?

Mathematics in the Making. Lancelot Hogben. *Macdonald*, 50/-

A gorgeously produced book, with many-coloured pictures on every page illustrating the historical development of mathematics from primitive finger-counting to the ramified abstrusenesses of to-day. Most laymen have mental blocks about mathematics, and it is an excellent idea to use our interest in history to get us past them. Unfortunately the scope of the subject is so large that even in a book of this size arguments have to be compressed, sometimes to the extent of leaving out vital steps. Furthermore, Professor Hogben's style is not suited to compression, not really suited to anything, in fact. He writes as if he had dipped his pen in porridge. This is a great pity, as he has many stimulating

ideas, and might have won the hearts of many non-mathematicians by, for instance, his swingeing attack on Euclid for having stultified geometry for several centuries.

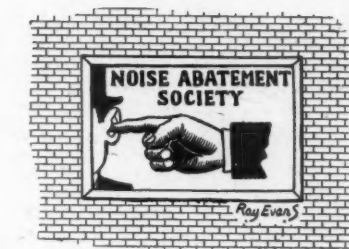
— JOHN MALCOLM

THE VOGUE PHILOSOPHY

In My Fashion. Bettina Ballard. *Secker and Warburg*, 21/-

"Someone who stumbled into fashion and fell in love with it" is Mrs. Ballard's definition of herself. In the 'thirties she spent six years in Paris as *Vogue's* American editor, and after the war she became the magazine's fashion editor in New York. Her book is a long, chatty account of *haute couture* and high society, in the "gossipy memo" manner.

The best chapters describe the stimulating, somewhat dotty *beau monde* of pre-war Paris, an exclusive, tough world of beautiful women, millionaires, couturiers and minor artists with major mannerisms. There's an excellent profile of Coco Chanel with her "disarming monkey grin" and another one of Balenciaga, the unworldly fashion mystic.



During the war Mrs. Ballard joined the American Red Cross without surrendering her *Vogue* philosophy of life. One feels she took far too many *couture* clothes and hair rinses to North Africa.

The writing is slipshod, spiced with baffling references to "antiquing" and "elbowless space." And, at least in the English edition, the fashion world of London shouldn't be discussed under the chapter heading of "New Style Centres: Italy, Spain, Ireland."

— BEATA BISHOP

BLOOD COUNT

So Dies the Dreamer. Ursula Curtiss. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 12/6. Another of these frightened females, this time girl whose newly-married husband suffers from nightmares then jumps (?) from high window. What particular polite nastiness happened at the New England pheasant farm to cause this discrepancy? Read and find out, if not for the solution, at least for the civilized way it's arrived at.

The Sailcloth Shroud. Charles Williams. *Cassell*, 12/6. Owner of charter yacht finds himself caught between police and big-time crime after temporary deck-hand, hastily buried at sea, turns out to have been cashier decamping with criminals' loot. Exciting and reasonable (thug, for instance, won't put 'em up just because hero points gun at him). Plenty of messing about in boats.

See Naples and Die. John Davies. *Collins*, 15/-.

Another charter yachtsman, this time involved with big-time drug-

smuggling into Italy. Fast and exciting, but marred by a couple of drastic unlikelinesses. Worth it, though.

Sunday and Maigret Takes a Room. Simenon. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6 each. A slow, fascinatingly sensual account of an hotelier's attempt to poison his wife, seen through several flashbacks all among the sunny olive-groves above Nice; and a cosy investigation of the shooting of Inspector Janvier (not fatal), with Maigret hypnotizing the criminal into declaring himself. The latter was published in France nine years ago.

The Seventh Juror. Francis Didelot. *Macdonald*, 12/6. More translation from the French. Respectable provincial chemist strangles local tart, finds himself on jury to try tart's fancy man for the crime, makes splendidly complicated efforts to secure acquittal. Mostly very funny and nicely satirical. The bourgeois virtues are not much in evidence. — PETER DICKINSON



SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Punch Bouverie Street London EC4

If you find it inconvenient to obtain Punch through your newsagent you may wish to take out an annual subscription.

RATES: (including all enlarged seasonal numbers, special issues, and Annual Almanack) Gt. Britain & Eire—£2 10s. Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post)—£2 10s. (\$7.25). Elsewhere Overseas—£3 (U.S.A. \$9). North American readers may remit by cheque on their own bank. Other Overseas Subscribers may pay by Postal Money Order or Bank Draft in Sterling made payable in London.

The Almanack is a special extra issue, normally published in November. Please enter an annual subscription in my name. My remittance is enclosed.

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

*My Next Husband—IV*

I AM married to a mothy old Tory duke. My next husband will be a far out left-wing dissenting playwright called Bill Whisker, and together we are going to put the skids under Eton, the middle classes, Hugh Gaitskell, Nancy Mitford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, my Ex, and a whole lot of terrible old reactionary bores like that.

No one could possibly say I didn't work my fingers to the bone for the Duke, poor sweetie. His name is Dagobert, and though all his best chums call him Doty Daggers he used to try madly to get them to say Bert instead in a pathetic attempt to keep up with the times. We lost butler after butler that way, until Daggers sacked all the staff on a matter of principle. In the ghastly days before some nice advertising people gave him a washing machine we used to spend practically every evening scraping the scrambled egg off the Spode, with no help except the men from Sotheby's and a lot of layabout cameramen taking pictures of Daggers in his surplus stores striped pinny for whatever paper was running the Woman's Page article on Does Your Husband Help Around the House that week.

Of course we had absolutely crippling expenses, what with the income tax, the foot and mouth, entertaining the press, and paying the wages for three Norlands to staff the Park Your Baby

crèche Daggers started in the real tennis court Henry VIII used to knock up on. Then there were the models' school fees for Daggers' two bone-headed girls to learn to stand with their feet at a quarter to three, and what with one thing and another we were hard put to it to rustle up enough money to put the Marquess through a full analysis and a home-study course in journalism after he'd spent a pretty pricey five years majoring in Accountancy and First Aid at the University of Detroit and having to fly back and forth to Klosters to keep up his place in the ski team. Things got a bit better when some agency ran a series of colour ads showing Daggers in Epping Forest and his socks and underpants with his arm in a sling and a glass of mead in the free hand, but it didn't last. And anyway, what with his having to be in London so much to be interviewed and me slaving away raffling teddy bears and ghosting the poor old thing's memoirs in the evenings, you might say our respective careers came between us. I always hated living in the Midlands, which is another thing Bill and I have in common.

Unlike the Duke, Bill is terrifically class-conscious and made a big success of this as his American lecture-tour theme. Of course he has been very fortunate in having a father who actually was a miner, as this meant he

knew and talked to other boys whose fathers were miners and it now affords him good solid background material, unlike some of those poor middle-class writers who can't get over the shame of their birth. Bill has never lost touch with reality, and spent every Long Vac widening his practical experience of working-class life, as refuse collector, rodent exterminator, and the only porter at Victoria Station. He also worked for a spell in a classy soup-kitchen so as to get the hang of Vichyssoise, but all the other waiters only went to H. M. Tennent shows and used to scratch whenever there was a fight, so he packed it in. He works amazingly fast—eight plays already during the past couple of years; most people just call them The Octet since you can't sometimes recall all the titles in a hurry, and ideally they should be played right through in sequence using a fair-sized truck as an open-air stage, but you've got to wait till the public catches up with this sort of idea.

After those years of pigging it on Daggers' dwindling capital and never being able to install any decent central heating, I'm going to enjoy opening some accounts and making Bill's Eaton Square flat really cosy. He's got three or four film scripts nearly finished and a couple of television plays and a pretty ruthless travel-series with notes on regional cooking for one of the Sundays to finish off before Christmas, and one way and another I don't expect we shall be able to get away much before Aldermaston, so I want to provide him with somewhere really homely and peaceful where just a few friends can drop in for a drink and some serious discussion. Daggers couldn't seriously discuss anything because he was always so exhausted with supervising the fun fair and talking to the Norlands about Farex. And as far as he was concerned the theatre stopped at *Under Your Hat*. Bill says you simply can't do anything about people like that, they're just dead inside their dinner jackets and ought to be buried out of pure kindness.

It's going to be nice talking to real committed people at last, and seeing one's name on the serious pages in the *Queen* and not as part of a Duchesses with Less than Three Tiaras illustrated feature. Daggers is so pre-Hoggart about everything—I told Bill he'd giggled coarsely about those beautiful

symbolic forget-me-nots in Lady Chatterley, and Bill said he was surprised the peerage could read at all.

We thought we might dash over to the Congo and Cuba after Easter, if Bill can sort out his Hollywood commitments, and he's got a lecture-date in Prague on the responsibility of the artist towards heavy industry that we'll have to fit in somewhere. It'll be a very unpompous wedding, just Bill's dear old Mum (she was a bit moody about being identified as the drunken landlady

in his last play, but Bill explained to her about it being so necessary to him to write with feeling about the things he really felt about) and one or two serious actors who feel about things the way we feel about them. All my life I've wanted to make some sort of viable contribution, to be part of the breakthrough. When I think Bill's next trenchant musical's going to star either Sir John Gielgud or Albert Finney as Erasmus, I can hardly wait.

— SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Pathetic Fallacy

WHEN I was very young furniture seemed alive to me. Not that I ever actually saw it moving or heard it muttering—but however inert it seemed I was quite sure that it was heavy with malignant life. Perhaps this feeling was due mainly to the type of furniture we had at home—armchairs like tanks, sideboards like Victorian-Gothic cathedrals, etc. Anyway the whole phenomenon faded out and ceased to trouble me when I was about eight years old; and it returned only when, grown-up and married, I underwent my first removal.

One of the strangest accidents of gracious living is the personality-change suffered by furniture when it is removed from its décor. No child leaving its happy home for a Home, no pet deserted by its master is so instantly and disastrously transformed as a piece of furniture being removed. In their setting your pieces may be *sans peur et sans reproche*: but on the few-yards' journey from hall to removal-van a sort of galloping consumption sets in. The Chippendale mirror for example, that always looked so exquisite against its carefully chosen wallpaper, seems simply vulgar and shoddy in the rough contemptuous hands of the removal-operative. And if your furniture looks shoddy on its way into the van it looks ten times worse when it emerges. The newcomer to the neighbourhood, wincingly conscious of all those pairs of eyes, feels in her very breast the darts of contempt aimed at her darlings from behind decorous coverts of Terylene. "Just give us a chance!" she longs to plead. "Just wait until you can see us

in our proper setting." But the procession wends its relentless public way from van to house—and you begin to wonder how you could ever have been so misguided as to buy such a lot of fifth-rate junk. And if the pieces that are your pride and joy look shabby and down-at-heel what can be said in defence of the purely utilitarian objects? Beds for instance: how naked can a piece of furniture look? (No one knows who hasn't watched her own furniture being delivered.) Can this stained and battered object really be the buoyant

luxurious bed for which one has longed through countless Mediterranean holidays? And saucepans: be they never so well kept and burnished, saucepans outside their own kitchens are like the smell of other people's stews *after* one's own meal—nauseating.

They order these things much better in Italy. Recently we had occasion to move from one part of Rome to another. To my incredulous joy, three days before the move, the flat swarmed with people busily wrapping every available object in shrouds of brown paper. Naturally this meant that we had to live out for the remaining three days if we didn't want to eat off and sit on brown paper—but it was well worth it. When removal-day came our uninhibited neighbours didn't peer through curtains—they came right out into the open and frankly gawped. But all any of them managed to see was the legs of the dining-room table. It was at both ends the least harrowing removal I ever experienced. British removers, please copy!

— KATHARINE DOWLING

☆

"Said Alderman Chalkley: 'There should be no sex difference between men and women . . .' (laughter.)"

Wimbledon Boro' News

Laugh at anything these days.



"Mr. Delroy is about ready to tackle you now, Mrs. Harmsworth."

Toby Competitions

No. 148—Ceramic

PROVIDE up to eight lines of verse suitable for inscription on a modern jug.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, January 18.** Address to **TOBY COMPETITION No. 148, Punch, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.**

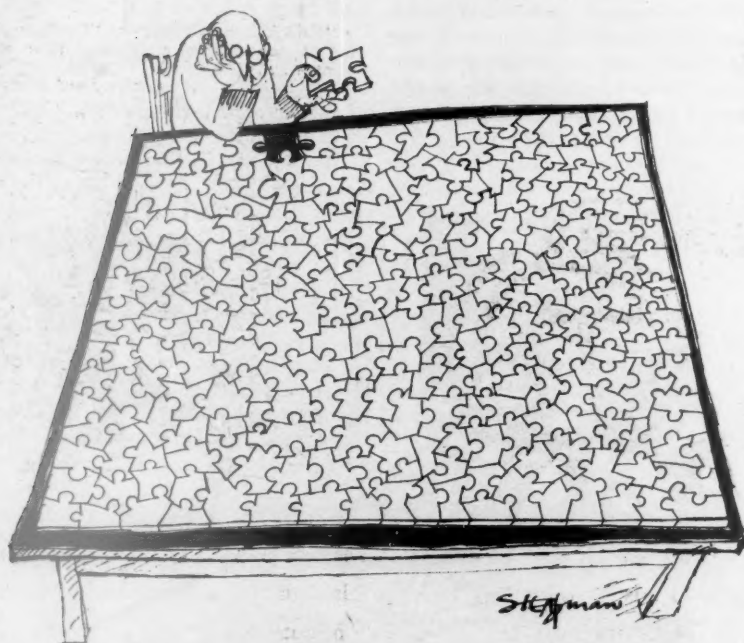
Report on Competition No. 145

(In a Pear Tree)

Christmas festivities, combined perhaps with postal delays, conspired to take some of the expected sparkle out of this competition, the object of which was a letter of thanks for one or more of the gifts in "The Twelve Days of Christmas." The leaping lords were the favourite target, followed by the dancing ladies and the milking maids, with the gold rings represented by a verse which interpreted them as telephone calls from the true love. The winner was:

M. TOMKINS

LITTLE ROSE COTTAGE
SLEAP'S HYDE
ST. ALBANS
HERTS.



My dear Gwen,

How original—and how generous! As if one wouldn't have been acceptable—but *ten*—and titled! We wondered at first where we could put them, but we've managed to hire the village hall till Twelfth Night. It's not what they've been used to of course, and I can only hope the floor's going to stand up to it. It's a shame really they have to resort to these gimmicks. We've asked them for their brochures, and next summer we mean to have half-a-crown's worth at their places. That is the idea, isn't it?

Love,
Susan.

Following are the runners-up:

Dearest Abelard,

What fun it is to have a boy-friend running a "Reallie Originale Gifte Shoppe" as you do. Christmas does bring such a series of marvellous surprises. The Eleven Ladies Dancing are honestly "Just what I wanted" as the dears have solved my housing problems by eloping with the Nine Drummers Drumming you sent in 1958 and with two of last year's Ten Pipers Piping; and as the remaining men have paired off with the Eight Maids a-Milking (1957) I can now sleep at home instead of at an hotel.

Many, many thanks,
Lovingly, Heloise

Mrs. N. Gunter, 31 Montpelier Terrace,
Cheltenham, Glos.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY,
WASHINGTON D.C.

Miss Myra Truelove,
Lotza Movies Inc.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear "My,"

Thank you for your most generous gift of 5 (five) Gold Rings, 23 K, which, in view of the great outflow of gold from these United States, will help bolster up our reserves bullionwise. I am flying them to Fort Knox myself. While writing, may I wish you long life and all happiness on your sixth engagement? I loved the pix with your gifts. Again thanks,

Sincerely,
"Uncle Sam"

Eric Edwards, 25 Wetstone Lane, West
Kirby, Wirral

Do not let this partridge grieve thee when I say that it is the sauciest and most capricious messenger that has ever done service for Cupid. I had rather you had given me merely the pear tree; and, had it been an apple, I should have been in Eden itself.

Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

Lover,

You are just the most generous boy in the world to send me five gold rings, but don't you think it just the teeniest weeniest bit tactless? I know it is my fifth marriage, but people DO talk so, and if my public forget one or two it will be better for my new film, *Maiden's Heart*. I would really love you even more if you would change four of them for just one diamond one; not big enough to be vulgar of course, but I have got hands to show off a large ring; say about 10 cts.

Mrs. Vigers, Rutt House, Ivybridge, Devon

My dearest darling Skeikipins,

How sweet of you to send all those lovely dancers. There was a bit of trouble with the customs but Rachid was wonderful, he said they were on a cultural mission to show the West the arts of the Orient and so on, and we have signed them up at £50 a week at strip-tease shows here, all except Yashma, because they said she's too conscientious and would get the show banned. I just can't wait until the next W.H.O. mission to thank you *properly*!

Your Ever-loving,
Blondie

W. H. H. Tucker, 5 Homefield Road,
Wimbledon, S.W.19

★

"It seemed only natural that versatile Dickie Henderson, who had such a long run as Palladium compere, should lead the way. He did it in his own inimical fashion."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch

You have to laugh.

COPYRIGHT © 1961 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2½d.; Canada 1d.* Elsewhere Overseas 3½d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage):

Great Britain and Eire £2.10.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £2.10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00).

U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order.

For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

TI
encourages
the young
idea



Tube Investments encourages youth and inventiveness, and promotes the research that leads to invention. It welcomes the young idea. It fosters new discoveries and techniques that become the basis of new industries. It helps its young people by training and scholarships to colleges and Universities. And the scope is wide: TI involves sixty-five companies in Britain and forty associates and subsidiaries

overseas. It makes precision tubes, electrical appliances, rolling mills; it makes steel; it mines bauxite and produces aluminium in all its forms . . . That TI has grown big and is growing bigger, owes much to constant infusions of youthful curiosity and keenness.



TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

The Adelphi, London, W.C.2

O elusive Paul Jennings!

THERE ARE 284 Jenningses in the London telephone directory. But he isn't one of them. I once knew a regiment that had s.x Jenningses. But he wasn't there either.

Paul Jennings lives at East Bergholt, has a wife, children and a regular column (called Oddly Enough) in The Observer. If you don't know him, it's high time you did.



If you do know him don't sit back just yet. I have a problem for you. Can you think of a better word than 'elusive'?

You can't call him 'incomparable'. He positively invites comparison. He is, for example, as funny as twenty comedians and three times as enlightening.

He isn't inimitable either. People do imitate him. And not only his style—his Weltanschauung (or way of looking at the world) has had a considerable Einfluss (or influence).

Early on, Jennings discovered the basic conflict between People and Things—a battle as universal as the Sex War, and much funnier to write about. Would you trust the inside of a car? Or a typewriter? Or an Italian water-tap? You shouldn't, but if you must, at least arm yourself with the Jennings reports on the way these Things can annoy, confuse and embarrass People.

Yet Skram backwards

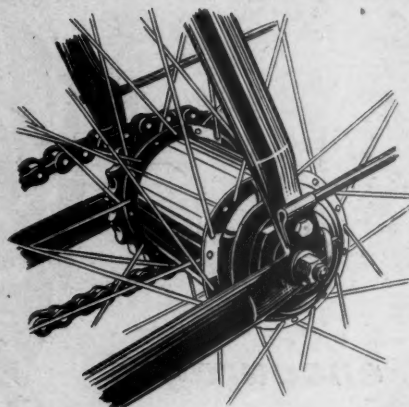
No, elusive seems to be the word. Jennings seems to have a strange knack of finding things that other people wouldn't even think of looking for. Did you know that the Danish for King Kong is Kong King? (Kong means King in Danish). Had you realised that the innocent-seeming town of Marks Tey was Yet Skram backwards?

Another thing. If you have anything like Jennings' luck, you may well buy The Observer 26 times a year, yet never see him. Elusive to the last, he appears only every other Sunday.

All in all, it's quite a good idea to take The Observer every week. It's the only way you can be sure of not missing Jennings—and Profile, Mammon, the Feiffer cartoon and all the other good things that make Sunday morning so bearable in fortunate Britain. J.B.L.

PARK GATE

QUALITY STEELS
FOR THE CYCLE INDUSTRY



black bars
for
3 & 4 speed gears

THE PARK GATE IRON & STEEL COMPANY LIMITED ROTHERHAM
A Company TELEPHONE: ROTHERHAM 846 (15 Lines) TELEGRAMS: YORKSHIRE, PARKGATE, YORKE. TELEX 1041

A powerful weapon in the fight against CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

STATISTICS SHOW that, in Britain alone, some 16,500,000 working days are lost every year because of bronchitis. This complaint, like catarrh, attacks people of all ages and in all sorts of occupations, and it is no wonder that research workers have spared neither time nor money in the quest for more effective treatment. Oral vaccination—the taking of vaccines by mouth—is today recognized as one of the best ways to fight catarrh, bronchitis, and other similar ailments, and Lantigen 'B' is a vaccine which has been developed specially for this purpose.

What Lantigen 'B' does for you

Unlike short-term decongestant tablets which provide relief only, Lantigen 'B' gets to the root of the trouble, and offers lasting freedom. It starts to act as soon as it reaches the point of infection, the throat cavity, encouraging the body's own protective forces to fight invading catarrh and bronchitis microbes, and neutralizing the germ toxins they produce. Lantigen 'B' also helps to build up immunity from future attacks. It is prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical supervision.

Lantigen 'B' cannot harm the heart, and is quite suitable for children. A bottle containing three weeks' treatment costs 25/9. Free leaflet from chemists, or from Lantigen (England) Limited, Pinewood, Bagshot, Surrey.

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT



OVER 7,000,000 BOTTLES OF LANTIGEN SOLD

Punch, January 11 1961

NU-WAY *heart of the best heating systems*
oil-firing

For FREE colour brochure write...
Nu-way Heating Plants Ltd. (Box 5295)
Droitwich.

Which?

The main report in the January issue is on
TAPE RECORDERS

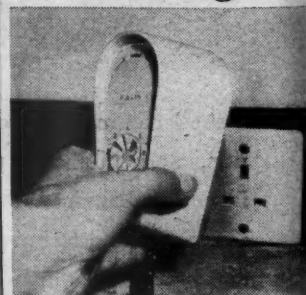
Which? is based on independent tests and surveys, and is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept. 90, 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

COLD SORES
VANISH FROM LIPS, FACE AND INSIDE THE NOSTRILS WHEN YOU USE **CANDOL** SALVE
CANDOL COLD SORE-SALVE
TUBE HAS ELONGATED NOZZLE
23 FROM CHEMISTS
CLAY & ABRAHAM (Mfrs) LTD.
LIVERPOOL 1. Established 1881

Cut your electric heating costs by over One Third!

- ★ Built-in thermostat to control any type of electric heating appliance, carpet underlay, etc.
- ★ Simply connected in place of your normal 3-pin plug
- ★ Easy dial—just set to room temperature you require
- ★ 5, 13 and 15 amp. models available
- ★ Tamper-proof, safe and guaranteed

Pullin Plug-Stat



ONLY 58/6

To R. B. PULLIN & CO. LTD.
Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.
Please send me a free leaflet on the Pullin Plug-Stat.

Name _____
Address _____

Punch, January 11 1961

ESCAPE TO WINTER SUNSHINE IN

GREECE

Cloudless skies 300 days a year—and an average of 6 hours sunshine a day throughout winter! While the rest of Europe labours under cold, grey clouds, you can stand alone beneath the famous Caryatids, with only the shadows of the past to keep you company under the warm blue sky. Experience the unique 'Halcyon Days'—that fortnight of high summer every January which was the gift of Zeus himself to those

mythological lovers so many centuries ago. And where better to enjoy this phenomenon than on one of the gods' earthly homes—a picturesque island in the blue Mediterranean. For throughout the winter, there is a place reserved in the sun for you in Greece.

For details contact your Travel Agent or the Greek National Tourist Organisation: 34 Hyde Park Square, London W 2. Tel: Paddington 4445

GREECE

GREET'S YOU WARMLY-EVEN IN WINTER!



A 4000 lb Coventry Climax diesel
at Colgate - Palmolive, Manchester

fork truck loads a lorry
factory for despatch to depot



Coventry Climax UNIVERSAL 2000 lb and
Electric Fork Trucks marshalling loads on
special pallets which speed up loading



Super-quick to Super-market . . .

Colgate-Palmolive Ltd. despatch **AJAX** and
OLA at 10 cwts. every minute with a fleet of

Coventry Climax
fork lift trucks

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., Dept A, COVENTRY

lb and 4
ads on
ing

E